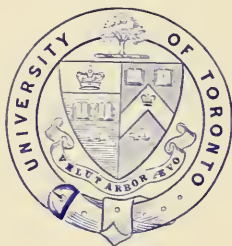


SELECT
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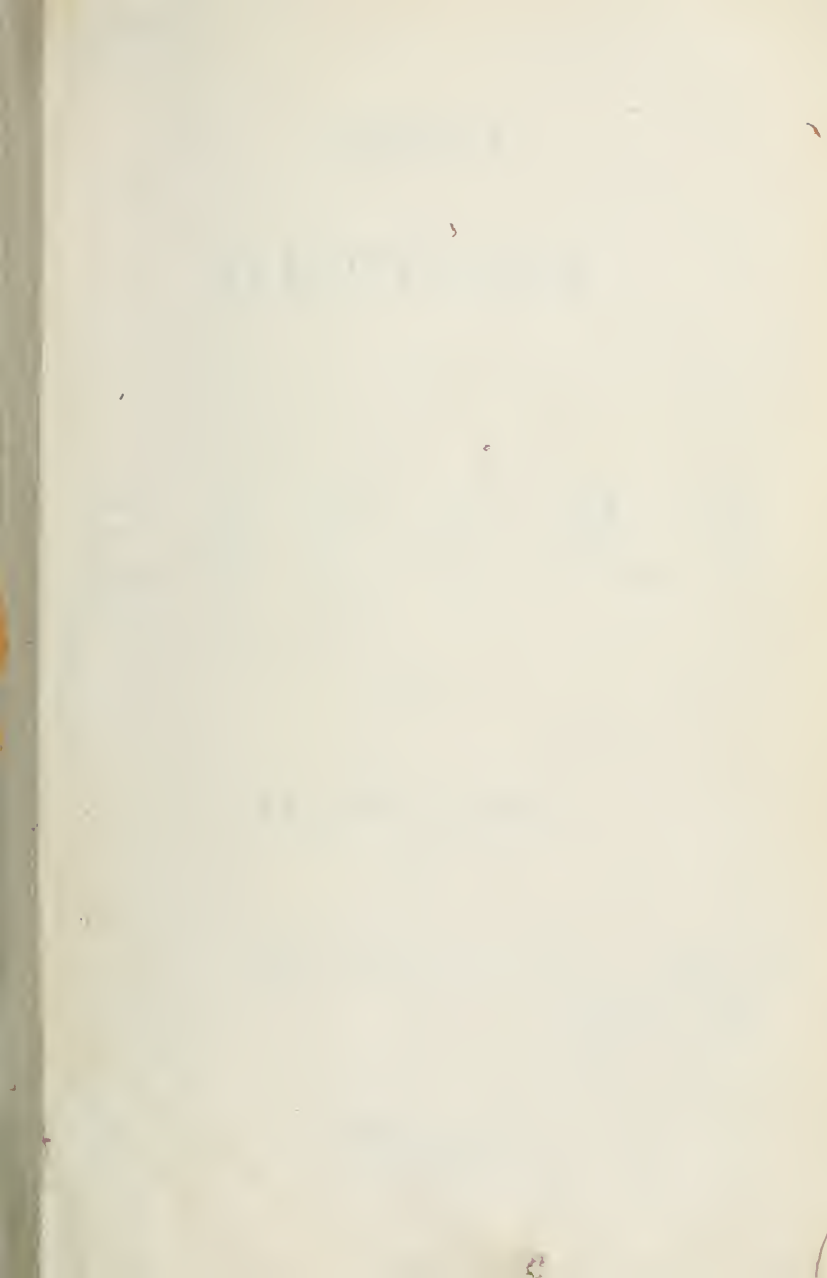
Edited by D. SUTHERLAND.

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OF

C J C E R O

TRANSLATION.

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Select Letters of Cicero.

I.—TO ATTICUS, at ATHENS. (Atti. I. 5.)

How much grief I have suffered and of how much assistance I have been deprived, both in my professional and domestic duties, by the death of my cousin Lucius, you can judge better than any one, for all the enjoyment which a man can gain from the refinement and conduct of another, I gained from him. So I have no doubt that you are also grieved at this occurrence, both since you are moved by my sorrow and you have yourself lost a relative and friend endowed with every excellence and distinguished for his strict performance of duty, a man who cared for you of his own accord as well as on account of my speaking of you. As to what you write me about your sister, she herself will tell you how much pains I have taken that my brother Quintus should feel toward her as he ought; when I found him to be in the wrong, I sent that letter to him in which I thought it best to warn him as a younger brother, and to chide him as in error. From the letter which he afterwards wrote me, I am sure all things are as they should be and as we wish. You reproach me unreasonably for the interruption of my letters; for Pomponia never told me to whom I could entrust a letter; and

too, I did not have any one who would go into Epirus, and I had not yet heard that you were at Athens. Then about the affair with Acutilius which you put in my hands, as soon as I came to Rome after your departure, I attended to it, but it turned out that there was no need of argument, and as I thought you would have enough advice, I preferred Peducæum should give it to you by letter rather than I. For when I had listened many days to Acutilius, whose mode of conversation I think is known to you, I did not think it a burden to write you of his complaints, when I considered the disagreeable hearing of them a light task. But let me tell you who reproach me, that you have sent me only one letter, although you have had more leisure for writing and greater opportunity for sending. You write that I ought to bring about a reconciliation, even if the disposition of a certain person is hostile to you. I am considering what you say, and I have not overlooked it, but he has been influenced in some remarkable way. Moreover, I have not omitted the things which should have been said about you; but what efforts should be made, I thought I ought to determine from your desire. If you will carefully write me what you wish, you will find I have not intended to be less active than you are, nor will be less diligent than you wish. In regard to Tadius, he told me that you had written that there was no need of trouble, since the inheritance had been secured by right of possession. I wonder that you do not know that in the case of legal guardianship, nothing can be held by right of possession. I am glad that you enjoy your purchase in Epirus. What I have entrusted to you and what you know is suitable for my house at Tusculum, I should like to have you procure, as you write you will, as far as possible without inconveniencing yourself. For in that place alone I am at rest from all toil and trouble. I daily expect my brother Quintus. Terentia is greatly troubled with rheumatism; my darling Tulliola dearly loves you and your sister and mother, and sends many greetings to you. Take care of your health and retain you love for me, and be assured that I love you like a brother.

II.—TO ATTICUS, at ATHENS. (Att. I. 7.)

All is well with your mother, for whom I entertain a great regard. I have engaged to pay L. Cincius 20,400 sesteratii (£170) on the 13th of February. I should be glad if you would take care to let me have the things you have purchased and provided for me as soon as possible. And I wish you would consider, as you promised, how you can complete my library. All hope of the pleasure to which I look forward when I shall have come into retirement, is placed in you.

III.—TO ATTICUS, at ATHENS. (Att. I. 6.)

I will hereafter give you no occasion of charging me with neglect of writing. Do you only take care that, in your abundant leisure, you are even with me. Rabirius's house at Naples, which you had already measured and completed in your mind, has been purchased by M. Fonteius for 130,000 sesteratii (£1,083). I wished you to be acquainted with this, in case it should any way affect your plans. My brother Quintus seems to be disposed towards Pomponia, as we could wish, and is now with her at his estate near Arpinum, where he has with him D. Turranius, a man of excellent acquirements. My father died the 24th of November. This is the sum of what I had to say to you. If you should be able to meet with any ornaments of the gymnasiac kind, which would suit that place which you know, I should be glad if you would secure them for me. I am so charmed with my Tusculan villa that I feel then only satisfied with myself when I get there. Let me know all that you do, and all that you intend to do.

IV.—TO ATTICUS, at ATHENS. (Att. I. 2.)

Let me tell you that on the day when Lucius Julius Caesar and Caius Marcius Figulus were elected consuls, a little son was born to me, and Terentia is doing well. Not a line from you all this long time! I wrote carefully some time ago of my prospects. At present I am

thinking of defending my rival, Catiline. We have the judges whom we wish, and the prosecutor is most obliging. I hope, if he secures acquittal, that he will be more ready to join me in my candidature, but if otherwise, I shall bear it patiently. It is essential for me that you should come before long, for there is a very strong opinion prevailing that your friends, men in high standing, will be opponents of my success. For gaining their support for me I see that you will be of the greatest use. So be at Rome, as you decided, by January.

V.—TO ATTICUS, in EPIRUS. (Att. I. 17.)

A great changeableness and alteration of opinion and mind in my brother Quintus has been shown me from your letters in which you sent me copies of his letters. So I felt as much anxiety as my great regard for both of you ought to cause me, and I wondered what had happened to offend my brother Quintus so deeply or to change his feelings so entirely. Now, for some time I have understood what I saw you to suspect on your departure from us, that he was nursing disagreeable thoughts, and his feelings were wounded and some unpleasant suspicions had settled in his mind. I wished to soothe his feelings often before the lot for the province was drawn, and even more strongly after it. I did not know he was so deeply offended as your letter shows, nor did I go as far as I wished. Yet I consoled myself with the thought that I had no doubt of his seeing you in Dyrrhachium, or somewhere else where you may be. I felt confident, and persuaded myself that when the meeting had taken place everything would be amicably settled between you, not by an argumentative discussion, but by the very sight of each other as you met. For there is no reason why I should write to you what you already know, how much kindness my brother Quintus has, how much courtesy, and how ready his heart is to receive and forget an offence. But it was very unfortunate that you nowhere saw him; for what the tricks of certain men impressed upon him carried

more weight with him than duty, obligation, or the love he used to have for you, all of which should have availed most with him. But who was to blame for this unfortunate affair I can easier conjecture than write; for I fear that, while I am defending my relatives, I am not sparing yours, for I know this, even if the wound has not been caused by members of the family, they could certainly have cured that which existed. But the blame of the whole matter, which is somewhat more extensive than it seems, I will explain to you at some time when you are here. As to those letters which he wrote you from Thessalonica and the remarks which you think he made both at Rome to your friends and on the journey, I do not know what it was which induced him to write and speak so, but all my hope of clearing up the misunderstanding rests upon your forbearance. These things will easily be settled, as I hope, if you hold that often the temper of even the best men are ruffled and then soothed, and that this agility, if I may use the expression, and pliability of nature is generally a mark of goodness and, what is more to the point, we must mutually bear each other's weaknesses, faults and wrongs. I beg you to do so; for I to whom you are especially dear, am greatly interested that there shall be no one of my friends who does not care for you, or whom in turn you do not care for. That part of your letter was the least important in which you set forth what opportunities of advantage, either in the provinces or in the city, you have passed over both at other times and during my own consulship; for your sincerity and greatness of soul I have proved, and I have never considered that there was any difference between us but a different choice of life. A certain ambition impelled me to seek for honors, but a more praiseworthy aim led you to an honorable leisure. In sincere praise of your uprightness, your diligence, and your conscientiousness, I set neither myself nor any one before you, and truly I concede to you the first rank in regard for me after my brother and relatives. For I have seen, I have seen and have proved through and through both your anxiety and joy in my varied

circumstances. Your manifestation of joy at praise which I gain was pleasing to me, and grateful was your sympathy with my anxiety. But now while you are away from me I feel the want, not only of the superior advice which you give me, but also the pleasant talks which I enjoy so much with you. I miss you most—what shall I say?—in affairs of state in which I may not be remiss, or in my work in the court, a duty which I formerly performed through ambition, and now in order to be able to guard my position with credit, or in my private affairs themselves. In these matters, both before and especially after the departure of my brother, I miss you and our talks. Finally, neither my work nor recreation, my occupation nor leisure, my work in the court-room nor at home, my public nor private interests, can longer bear the want of your most agreeable and loving advice and conference. Often diffidence forbade us both to mention these things; but now it is necessary because of that part of your letter in which you wished to excuse and justify yourself and your conduct. And in this estrangement and offence which he has taken against you there is this satisfaction, that both I and your other friends knew that you had at times declared your wish to refuse the government of a province, so that if you are not together it may seem to be not through any disagreement or variance on your side, but by your own will and judgment. So the breach will be healed and our friendship, which has been most tenderly preserved, will keep its sacredness. We live in this republic, weak, wretched, and subject to change, for I think you have heard that our knights have nearly been divided from the Senate; they first were very much troubled that it had been announced by a decree of the Senate that inquiry would be made about those who had accepted pay for judgment. In the decision of the matter, since I had happened not to be present and had understood that the knights were angry and did not speak openly, I rebuked the Senate as I thought best, with the greatest authority, and I spoke with some dignity and elaboration in a matter of

such importance. Here is another beautiful instance of the conduct of the knights, which, intolerable as it is, I have not only endured, but defended. Those who farmed out Asia form the censors complained in the Senate that they had failed in their expectations and had taken the contract at too high a price. They demanded that the contract be annulled. I was leader among their supporters, or rather second, for Crassus moved them to dare to demand this. The matter was odious, the demand disgraceful and an acknowledgment of imprudence. There was the greatest danger that if they should obtain nothing they would be completely estranged from the Senate; I indeed helped the matter on and brought it about that they found the Senate, which was assembled with a full attendance, most kindly disposed to them. On the first of December and the day after, I spoke at length about the dignity and harmony of the classes. Up to this time, the matter has not been concluded, but the willingness of the Senate has been perceived. One man, Metellus, the consul-elect, spoke on the other side. That friend of ours, Cato, was going to speak, but he had no opportunity, as the day was near its close. Thus, while I preserve my own method and policy, I defend as I can the harmony which I have secured. Nevertheless since those ties of yours are weak, I am guarding a way which I hope is safe to maintain my property. The method is one which I cannot satisfactorily explain to you in writing, yet I will give you a slight hint of it. I am on the best of terms with Pompey. I see what you will say; I will be as cautious as I ought, and I will write another letter to you about my plans for undertaking more of the responsibilities of the state. I must tell you that Luceius intends at once to apply for the consulship, for it is said that only two are candidates for it. Cæsar thinks of uniting with him through Arrius, and Bibulus thinks he can be joined with him through Caius Piso. You smile? These things are not laughing matters, believe me. What else shall I write you? Why, there are many things; but if you are wil-

ling to wait to hear of them till another time, let me know. Now, inopportunately I ask that which I especially wish, that you come as soon as you can. December 5.

VI.—TO ATTICUS, on his way to ROME. (Att. II. 2.)

Take care, I beseech you, of our young Cicero: we are his uncles, and ought, according to the Greek expression, to be his guardian deities. I have been engaged in reading the Pellenæum, and have a large pile of Dicæarchus's works before me. What a great man he is! One may learn from him much more than from Procilius. At Rome I believe I have his Athenaiæ and Corinthiaes. If you take my advice you will read him. This I answer for, that he is a wonderful man. Herodes, if he were wise, would read him, rather than write one syllable of his own. He has shot at me by letter; with you I see he has come to close quarters. I would sooner have been a conspirator myself, than have opposed the conspiracy, if I had thought it would be necessary to hear him. You are mistaken about Lollius; about Vinus I quite agree with you. But how is this? Do you observe that the Kalends are coming and Antonius is not come? That the judges are summoned? For so they inform me, that Nigidius threatens in the assembly to call to account any judge who absents himself. I should be glad however if you have heard anything about Antonius's arrival, that you would send me word. And since you do not come hither, at least sup with me the day before the Kalends. Mind that you do not fail. Fare you well.

VII.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. II. 11.)

I assure you, I seem actually banished since being at Formiæ; for there was not a day while I was at Antium when I did not know better what was going on at Rome than the men who were in Rome. For your letters showed what was going on, not only at Rome, but also in the whole state, and not merely the condition of

affairs, but what was going to happen ;—now I can know nothing except what I can learn from a passing traveller. So, although I look for your coming, yet give to the messenger, whom I have told to come back to me immediately, a heavy letter, filled not only with everything which has been done, but also your opinions. Be sure to let me know the day when you will leave Rome. I intend to be at Formiæ till the sixth of May; if you have not come before then, perhaps I shall see you at Rome. Why should I invite you to Arpinum? “Rough but a good nurse, nor can I indeed see anything sweeter than that land.” So much then. Take care of your health.

VIII.—TO HIS FAMILY, in ROME. (Fam. XIV. 4.)

I am writing you less often than I might because, though I am all times indeed completely miserable, yet truly while I am writing to you or reading your letters, I am so weakened by my tears that I cannot bear it. Oh! that I had been less eager for life! Certainly, then I should have seen nothing or not much of misery in life. But if fortune has preserved me to the hope of ever recovering blessings I have lost, I have not made so great a mistake. But if these troubles are permanent, I long to see you, my life, and die in your embrace, since the gods whom you have worshipped so piously, and the men to whom I have always devoted myself, have abandoned us. I was at Brundisium thirteen days at the house of Marcus Lænius Flaccus, an excellent man, who for the sake of my safety took no thought for the risk of his fortune and life, and he was not hindered by the penalty of that infamous law from offering the rites and duties of hospitality. May I be able some time to make requital to him! I shall always be grateful to him. I went from Brundisium the last day of April. I went to Cyzicus through Macedonia. Why should I, wretched and ruined as I am, ask you to come to me, you, a woman weak in health, and worn out in body and

mind? Why must I not ask you? Can I then exist without you? I suppose I shall do so; if there is a hope of my return, you may strengthen it and help the matter; but if, as I fear, it is all over, come to me in whatever way you can. This one thing be assured of, if I shall have you, I shall not think myself to have been wholly ruined. But what will become of my Tulliola? Do you both see to that. I can give no advice. But surely, whatever the circumstances are, that unhappy girl must preserve both her marriage portion and her reputation. What will my Cicero do? I wish that he were ever in the embrace of my arms. But I can write no more. Sorrow prevents me. I do not know what you have done, whether you still keep anything or, as I fear, you have been entirely ruined. I hope Piso will, as you write, always remain true to us. As to the manumission of the slaves, nothing need trouble you. In the first place, yours were promised that you would act toward them as each deserved; now, except Orpheus, there is no one of them who shows at present much sense of duty. With regard to the others, the condition made was that if my estate were confiscated, they would be my freedmen, if they could obtain permission. But if I preserved my estate, they should continue in slavery, except a very few. But this is of minor importance. As to your urging me to be of good cheer and hopeful of retaining my safety, I only wish that I may have reason to encourage such an expectation. Now, when shall I receive your letter—unhappy that I am? Who will bring it to me? I would have awaited it at Brundisium, if the sailors had allowed me, but they were unwilling to lose the fine weather. As to the rest, support yourself, my Terentia, as you can. I have lived with honor and have enjoyed prosperity. It is not my crimes, but my virtue, that has ruined me. No sin is mine except that I have not lost my life with my honors. But if this was my children's wish that I live, let me endure the unendurable. And I who cannot encourage myself—I have sent back Clodius Philhetærum, a trustworthy fellow, because he was afflicted with a weakness of the

eyes. Sallustius does his duty best of all. Pescennius is very friendly to me, and I trust he will always care for you. Sicca told me, he would stay by me, but he left me at Brundisium. Be sure to keep as well as you can, and remember that I am more troubled by your misfortunes than my own. My Terentia, most faithful and best of wives, my dearest little daughter, and Cicero, my remaining hope, farewell! Brundisium, April 30.

IX.—TO QUINTUS, in ROME. (Q. Fr. I. 3.)

My brother, my brother, my brother, did you fear that I from a feeling of irritation, sent messengers to you without a letter, or even that I did not wish to see you? Should I be angry with you? Could I be angry with you? True, you have troubled me; your enemies and your unpopularity have ruined me, and it is not I who has miserably destroyed you; that well-known and honored consulship of mine I would be willing to have deprive me of you, my children, country, and fortune, but not to deprive you of anything but me. But indeed everything has always turned out honorably and pleasantly for me because of you; because of me you suffered grief at my misfortunes, fear for your own, want, sorrow, and loneliness. Should I not wish to see you? On the contrary, I did not wish to be seen by you, for you would not have seen your brother—not the man whom you had left; not the man whom you had known; not the man whom you left in tears at your departure when you were yourself in tears—not even a trace or ghost of him, but the image of a living death. Would that you had before this seen or heard of me as dead! Would that I had left you my survivor and heir, not only of my life, but my reputation too; but I call all the gods to witness that I was deterred from death by this one consideration, because every one said that in my life some part of yours was bound up; therefore I have sinned and wrongly acted. For if I had died, my very death would easily have confirmed my devotion and love to you. Now I have brought it about that you are deprived of me in my lifetime—you need others in

my lifetime—and my voice above all was silenced in domestic troubles, which often was a protection to those who were utter strangers. For as to the messengers coming to you without letters, since you see anger was not my reason, certainly it was laziness and the overwhelming power of tears and grief. With how much weeping do you think I have written these very words? I feel sure you are reading them in the same way. Can I either cease to think of you, or think of you without tears? In longing for you, am I longing for a brother, only? In truth, I long in the charms of intercourse for a friend, in devotion a son, in wise counsel a father. What pleasure have we ever had apart? What though at the same time I long for a daughter, of what piety, modesty, and wit! the image of myself in person, speech and soul! What of my lovely and charming son? whom I was cruel and hard-hearted enough to send from my embrace, a boy wiser than I would have wished; for in his trouble he understood what was happening. What then of your son, the likeness of yourself, whom my Cicero both loved as a brother, and revered as an older brother? And I did not allow that most unhappy woman, my faithful wife, to follow me, so that she might be the one to guard what alone remained from our ruin, our children. But, as I could, I have written and sent a letter to you by Philogonus, your freedman, which I trust has been delivered to you; in this I beg and demand the same thing which messengers have told you in my own words, that you should immediately set out and hasten to Rome. First, I have wished you to be a defence in case there were any enemies whose cruelty was not satisfied by my ruin; then I have feared the sorrow of our meeting; in truth, I could not have endured a separation, and especially I had the same fear that you write of, that you could not be divided from me. For these reasons my greatest trouble in not seeing you, than which it seems nothing more cruel or lamentable can happen to most loving and united brothers, was less cruel, less lamentable than it would have been if we had met, surely if we had separated again. Now if you can do what I, who al-

ways seemed strong to you, cannot, arouse yourself and take courage if any struggle must take place; I hope, if my hope has any weight, that your uprightness and the love of the state, and even pity for me, will bring some assistance. But if you are free from that danger of yours, you will surely act in my behalf if you think anything can be done. In regard to this, many men write to me and show me they have hope, but I do not see what hope I have when my enemies are so powerful; some of my friends have deserted me, some have even betrayed me, because they perhaps fear at my return the accusation of their own guilt. But, of what sort your troubles are, I wish you would find out and tell me. Yet I shall live as long as you have work to do, if you see any danger is to be encountered; I can remain no longer in this sort of existence; for neither wisdom nor learning has enough strength to be able to endure so much grief. I know there has been a time when I could have died more honorably and more advantageously, but I have let slip not this alone, but many other things. If I should wish to bewail them when past, I should do nothing but increase your grief, to show my stupidity. It must not and cannot be that I stay any longer than your circumstances and sanguine hope demand in an existence so wretched and shameful, so that I, who lately was most happy in my brother, children, wife, resources, even the wealth which I had, and in dignity, influence, honor, and favor, was not inferior to any, even the most fortunate, am not in a condition so abject and abandoned, and cannot long grieve for my dear ones. Why did you write me anything about the sale of property? As if in truth your resources were not sustaining me now. In this very matter I see and know what sin I committed, since you will satisfy your creditors with your own property and your sons, and I spent in vain the money received in your name from the treasury. And yet payment has been made to Marcus Antonius as much as you wrote, and just as much to Cæpio; that which I have is sufficient for what I am planning; for whether I pull through or give up, there is need of nothing more. If perchance

you are in any difficulty. I think you might go to Crassus and Calidius. I do not know how much Hortensius is to be trusted. He with Quintus Arrius has treated me most abominably and treacherously, with great pretensions of affection and increasing attention; forsaken by their plans, promises, and advice, I have fallen into this trouble. But hide these things, that they may not injure you; take care too—and on this account, I think you should assist Hortensius himself through Pomponius—lest that verse about the Aurelian law which was ascribed to you when you were a candidate for the ædileship should be fixed on you by false evidence; for I fear nothing so much as that when men come to understand how much pity your prayers and your safety will bring to me, they may oppose you all the more. I consider that Messala is attached to you, but Pompey I think is pretending. But may you not find this to be true! This prayer I would make to the gods, had they not ceased to hear my prayers. Yet I truly pray that they may be satisfied with these infinite misfortunes of mine; in them there is no disgrace of one who has been at fault, but it is altogether a pity, because the greatest punishment has been decreed for deeds done best. Why, my brother, should I commend to you my daughter and the Ciceros, our sons? Moreover, it grieves me that separation from them brings no less sorrow to you than to me. But they have not been entirely deprived of you. May some safety and opportunity of dying for my country be granted me,—my tears prevent my writing more. And I wish you to protect Terentia and write me about everything. Be as brave as the condition of affairs will allow. June 1, Thessalonica.

X.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. III. 20.)

Cicero salutes Q. Cæcilius, the son of Quintus, Pomponianus Atticus. That this should be so, and that your uncle should have discharged this duty to you, I exceedingly approve: I would say that I rejoiced at it, if I could use this word. Alas! how would everything be according to my mind, had it not been for want of

courage, of prudence, of honesty, in those whom I trusted: which I care not to recollect, lest I add to my regret. But I am sure you must remember the life I led; how many delights it contained, how much dignity. To recover this I beseech you by your fortunes, strive as you do; and enable me to spend the birth-day of my return with you and with my relations in your delicious house. I wished to have stayed at your place in Epirus for this hope and expectation which is held out to me; but the letters I received make me think it more convenient to remain where I am. Respecting my house, and Curio's speech, it is as you say. The general restoration, if only that be granted, will contain everything. But there is nothing about which I am more anxious than my house. However, I mention nothing to you in particular; I commend myself wholly to your affection and fidelity. It is very gratifying to me, that in so great an inheritance you should have been able to extricate yourself from all trouble. When you promise your services on my behalf, that on every occasion I may derive assistance from you, rather than from anybody else, I am very sensible how great a support this is; and I know that you undertake, and are able to sustain, many kind offices for my preservation; and that you need not be entreated to do so. When you forbid me to suspect that I had either done or neglected to do anything towards you, which could give you offence; I will comply with your request, and free myself from that source of uneasiness: nevertheless I am indebted to you so much the more, in proportion to the excess of your kindness towards me, over mine towards you. I beg you to tell me what you see, what you hear, what is done; and to exhort all your friends to assist me. The proposed law of Sestius is deficient both in dignity and caution: for it ought expressly to name me, and to mention more particularly my effects; and I should be glad if you would attend to this circumstance. Dated the 4th of October, at Thessalonica.

XI.—TO THE CONSUL, METELLUS NEPOS, in ROME.
(Fam. V. 4.)

The letters I received from my brother and my friend Atticus strongly encouraged me to hope, that you were not less disposed than your colleague to favour my recall. In consequence of this persuasion, I immediately wrote to you in terms suitable to my present unfortunate circumstances: acknowledging my grateful sense of your generous intentions, and entreating your future assistance. But I afterwards learned, not indeed so much by any hint of this kind from my friends, as from the report of those who passed this way, that you did not continue in the same favourable sentiments: for which reason I would not venture to importune you any farther. My brother, however, having transmitted me a copy of the speech you lately made in the Senate, I found it animated with such a spirit of candour and moderation, that I was induced to write to you once more. Let me earnestly request you then to consider rather the interests than the passions of your family, lest, by falling in with their unjust and cruel opposition to me, you should open a way by which they themselves may be oppressed in their turn. Is it possible, indeed, that you, who gained such a glorious conquest over yourself, as to sacrifice your own private enmities to the welfare of the republic, should be prevailed upon to add strength to a resentment in others which evidently tends to its destruction? If you think proper then to afford me your assistance in this conjuncture, you may, upon all occasions, depend on my utmost services in return. On the other hand, should that lawless violence, which has wounded the commonwealth through my side, be suffered still to prevail, it imports you to reflect, whether, if you should hereafter be inclined to recall the opportunity of preserving our general liberties, you will not have the misfortune of finding it much too late.

XII.—TO M. FADIUS GALLUS. (Fam. VII. 26.)

I have already been suffering terribly for ten days with disorder in my bowels, and have not been able to convince those who wish my assistance that I was not well, since I was not troubled with fever. To avoid them, I took refuge in Tusculum when I had been for two days so weak as not even to taste a drop of water; and so, reduced by faintness and hunger, I desired your services more than I thought you needed mine. I dread any disease, but particularly the one which that Epicurus of yours suffered from for which the Stoics despise him, as he says he is troubled by dysenteric pains and strangury, one of which they think is the result of gluttony, the other of licentiousness. Certainly I have dreaded dysentery; but it seems to me either the change of scene or rest of mind or the abating itself of the disease, which perhaps now has run its course, has been in my favor. And yet do not wonder what I have done to bring this disorder upon me. The sumptuary law which seems to promote simplicity was the cause of my trouble. For while the men of elegant tastes wish to bring into favor the products of the earth which are not included by the law, they dress mushrooms, vegetables, and all sorts of herbs, so that nothing can be more palatable; when I ate very freely of them at the supper for the new augur at the house of Lentulus, I was seized with a diarrhœa which has not ceased till this day. So I, who easily kept away from lampreys and oysters, was led astray by beets and mallows; hereafter I shall be more careful. Yet you, since you have heard from Anicius—for he saw I was ill—had a just reason, not merely for inquiring for me, but also for coming to see me. I think I shall remain here until I recover, for I have lost strength and flesh; but if I shake off my disease, I shall regain the rest, as I hope.

XIII.—T. ATTICUS, in Italy on his journey to ROME.
m (Att. IV. 4b.)

On the 30th of January, before it was light, Cincius

made himself most agreeable to me by informing me that you were in Italy, and that he was going to send a servant to you, whom I would not suffer to go without a letter from me; not that I have anything particular to tell you, especially being now so near; but that I might assure you that your arrival is most grateful to me, and what I have been most anxiously expecting. Therefore, fly up, in order to gratify your own affection, and to feel the effects of mine. We will settle other matters when we meet. I write this in haste. As soon as you arrive come with your attendants to my house. I shall be delighted to receive you. You will find a noble arrangement of Tyrannio for the library of my books, the remains of which are much better than I had supposed. I should be glad also if you would send me two of your library clerks, whom Tyrannio may employ in repairing my books, and other offices, and that you would direct them to bring some parchment to make indexes, which I think you Greeks call syllabuses. But this according to your convenience. But do you at all events come, if you can stay in this part of the country, and can bring Pilia, for this is reasonable, and Tullia wishes it. In good truth you have bought a splendid situation. I understand your gladiators fight admirably. If you had chosen to contract for them, you might have saved yourself these two charges. But of these things hereafter. Only mind to come; and, if you have any regard for me, remember about the librarians.

XIV.—TO LUCCEIUS. (Fam. V. 12.)

A modesty almost clownish held me back when with you, trying often to propose those things which now more boldly at a distance I shall speak out; for the letter cannot blush. I desire with an eagerness incredible, and not, as I think, blameworthy, that my name should be honored and exalted by your writing. Though you often have assured me that you would do this, yet I would wish you to pardon this haste of mine. I had always conceived a high expectation of your perform-

ances of this kind, yet it has so exceeded my ideas and has so fascinated, captivated, or rather kindled me, that I would wish as soon as possible that my deeds should be commemorated in your annals; for not alone the mention which posterity will make of me brings me to a certain hope of immortality, but this desire that in my lifetime I may enjoy the dignity of your testimony or the proof of your good-will or satisfaction of your genius. Nor yet while I write this am I ignorant under what a burden of productions, which you have undertaken and already begun, you are laboring, but since I see the history of the Italian and civil wars you have nearly finished, and moreover you have told me you are beginning other subjects, I do not like to lose the opportunity to remind you to consider whether you prefer to treat my deeds in connection with others, or as many Greeks have done, Callisthenes in writing of the Phocian war, Timæus, the war of Pyrrhus, Polybius of the Numantine war, all of whom separated from their general histories those wars which I have mentioned above, to separate yourself the civil strife from the wars with foreign enemies. I indeed do not see that for my glory it makes much difference, but to my impatience it is of some importance that you should not wait until you come to the place, but should grasp at once that whole subject and period. And at the same time, if your whole mind shall be devoted to one scene and character, I already foresee how much richer and more dignified your subject will be. And yet I am well aware what presumption I have in the first place in putting so great a burden upon you, for your occupation can justify you in refusing me—then too in demanding you to honor me with applause. What if these deeds seem to you not to be worthy of honor? But yet, he who once has overstepped the bounds of modesty, ought to be entirely and completely presumptuous. So I openly ask you again and again that you honor these deeds more earnestly than perhaps you feel, and in the matter neglect the laws of history and not deny that favor about which you wrote so charm-

ingly in a preface, by which you showed you could not be bent more than Hercules in the story of Xenophon by the allurements of pleasure. If friendship commends me to you strongly, grant to it a somewhat larger amount than truth will allow. But if I induce you to undertake this, there will be, as I am sure, material worthy your intelligence and skill. From the beginning of the conspiracy to the return of our men, a moderate volume seems to me can be collected. In it you will be able to display your knowledge of political changes by explaining causes of revolution or suggesting remedies for disasters when you blame those things which you think should be censured and praise with detailed arguments what pleases you. If you think the matter should be treated rather unrestrictedly in your useful style, you will note the faithfulness, plots, and betrayals of many men aimed at me. Moreover, my fortunes will supply you with great variety in writing, full of a certain pleasure which can powerfully hold the attention of men as they read. For nothing is more conducive to the pleasure of a reader than diversity of circumstances and changes of fortune. Though they were not acceptable in experience, they are yet interesting in description, for an account of trouble which is past, read in quietness, brings satisfaction. Truly to others who have suffered no discomfort of their own, looking with no real grief on the misfortunes of others, to these compassion is a pleasure. For who of us is not stirred with a certain pity at the death of Epaminondas at Mantinea? He ordered the spear-head to be withdrawn from him after the reply was made to his inquiries that his shield was safe, so that he might die, even in the agony of his wound, peacefully and with honor. Whose enthusiasm as he reads is not stirred by the flight and return of Themistocles? For the regular chronology of events by itself interests us only slightly as a mere list of public occurrences: but often the doubtful and varied fortunes of a noble man cause wonder, expectation, joy, sorrow, hope, and fear: if in the greatest pleasure in reading. Therefore it will be indeed they come to a happy issue, the mind is filled with

2. indeed have come to a happy issue
the mind is filled with the greatest

more gratifying to me if you have in mind to separate from your continuous work, in which you include an uninterrupted history of events, this drama, so to speak, of my own deeds and circumstances; for it has different acts and changes of plot and time. But I have no fear of seeming to lay a trap for your favor by paltry flattery, when I show that I wish most of all to be honored and praised by you. For you are not such a man as not to know what sort of a person you are, and as not rather to regard as envious those men who do not admire you than those who praise you, as flatterers. Moreover, I am not so foolish as to wish to be commended to eternal honor by one who himself does not gain the glory of his own intellect by commending me. For Alexander the Great did not wish to be painted by Apelles, nor a statue of himself to be made by Lysippus, for the sake of conferring a favor, but because he thought their skill would be an honor both to them and to himself. However, these artists made known to strangers merely likenesses of the person. Even if there are none, illustrious men are yet not at all less famous; and that Agesilaus the Spartan, who allowed no likeness of himself to be painted or carved, is none the less celebrated than those who took pains in that respect; for one little book of Xenophon in praise of that king accomplished more than all pictures and statues. And it will be more important to me, both for gladness of mind and honor of the recollection, if I shall come into your writings, than into those of other men, because not only your genius will be lavished upon me as upon Timoleon by Timæus or Themistocles by Herodotus, but the authority of a man most illustrious and respected; known and tested especially in the weightiest and most important affairs of the republic; so that not only the celebrity which Alexander observed when he was at Sigeum, Achilles received from Homer, but also the powerful testimony of a great and illustrious man may appear to be bestowed on me. That Hector, as described by Nævius, pleases me, who not only rejoices that he is "praised," but adds by a praiseworthy man. If you do not grant me

this—that is, if anything hinders you—I shall be forced perhaps to do what some often object to; I shall myself write of my life, yet with the example of many famous men. But in doing this there is this objection, as you know: it is necessary for men to write moderately of themselves if there is anything to praise, and pass over any fault; too it happens that faith is less, authority is less, and many find fault and say the heralds in athletic contests are more modest who put crowns on others and announce their names in a loud voice, but when they themselves are awarded a crown before the conclusion of the contests, they call some other heralds that they may not by their own voices proclaim themselves as victors. This I wish to avoid, and if you will undertake the matter, I shall avoid it; I ask you to do so. But that you may not wonder why, though you have often shown me that you would undertake punctiliously the record of my times and the results of my fortunes, I seek you now so earnestly and at such length, the desire of haste of which I wrote you at the beginning arouses me, because I am eager in mind that others shall know me in my lifetime from your books, and that I while alive shall enjoy my fame. What you will do about this matter if it does not inconvenience you, I should like to have you write me; for if you undertake the matter, I will arrange notes of everything; but if you delay till some other time, I will talk with you face to face. Do not cease, but perfect what you have begun and love me.

XV.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. IV. 9.)

I should be glad to know if the tribunes really prevent the census by vitiating the days for holding it; such is the report here; likewise what they are doing, or what is their design generally respecting the censorate. I have been here with Pompeius. He talked a good deal about the republic, and was dissatisfied with himself, “as he said.” For so we must speak of this man. He despised the province of Syria, and extolled that of Spain. Here again we must subjoin—“as he

said." And I imagine, whenever we speak of him we should add this: as Phocylides does in the beginning of his poems—"This also is by Phocylides." He expressed his thanks to you for having undertaken to place the statues for him: and towards me he showed particular kindness. He also came to me at Cumanum from his own villa. He appeared to me to desire nothing less than that Messala should stand for the consulship. If you know anything about it, I should wish to be informed. I am much obliged to you for saying that you will commend my fame to Luceius, and that you frequently visit my house. My brother Quintus writes me word, that having now his dear Cicero with him, he should go to you the 7th of May. I left Cumanum the 27th of April: and the same day I was at Naples with Lætus. The 28th of April, early in the morning, I have written this, setting off to Pompeianum.

XVI.—TO FABIUS GALLUS. (Fam. VII. 23.)

I received your letter immediately upon my return from Arpinum, together with one likewise from Avianus, in which he very generously offers to give me credit as long as I shall require. Now let me desire you to imagine yourself in my situation, and then tell me, whether I can, with a good grace, ask him to allow me even the least time for the payment of this money, much less above a year? Indeed, my dear friend, I should not have been in this difficulty, if you had not exceeded the limits of my commission, both in the particulars and the sum. However, I am not only willing to ratify the agreement you have made for the statues you mention, but am likewise much obliged to you. I am sensible, indeed, that in the zeal of your friendship, you have purchased for me what pleased your own eye, and what you imagined would be worthy of mine; and I always considered you as a man of the most judicious and elegant taste in every kind. Nevertheless, I shall be extremely glad if Damasippus should continue in the resolution of taking these figures off my hands; for, to own the plain truth, I have no sort of inclination to them myself.

As you were not apprised of my intentions, you have actually consented to pay more for these four or five pieces of sculpture, than I would have given for all the statues in the universe. You compare the images of the priestesses of Bacchus, to those of the Muses which I bought of Metellus. But surely, my friend, the two instances are by no means parallel. For, in the first place, the Muses themselves would have condemned me, if I had ever rated them at so extravagant a price; and in the next, I purchased the figures you mention as bearing an allusion to my studies, and affording a suitable ornament to my library. But where can I, with any propriety, place these Bacchanals? That they are, as you assure me, extremely beautiful, I know full well; for I have frequently seen them; and therefore, I should particularly have named them to you, if they had suited my purpose. The purchases which I usually make of this kind are such only as are proper to embellish my Palæstra, in the same manner as the public Gymnasia are generally decorated. But would it not be absurd enough, my good friend, if I, who, upon all occasions, you know, have distinguished myself as the friend of peace, should erect a statue of the God of war. It is well there was not a Saturn too, for how could I have expected to have been out of debt, whilst I had lived under the aspect of two such unlucky divinities? Mercury would have been a much more welcome guest; for I should have hoped, by his influence, to have made a more advantageous bargain with Avianus. As to the figure designed for the support of a table, which you intended to reserve for your own use, you shall have it, if you still remain in the same mind; if not I am ready to take it myself. Upon the whole, however, I had much rather have employed this money in the purchase of a little lodge at Tarracina, that I might not always trouble my friend and host. But this mistake is partly owing to the carelessness of my freedman, in not observing the instructions I gave him, and partly also to Junius, whom I suppose you know, as he is a particular friend of Avianus. As I have lately built some additional apartments to my little portico at Tusculanum.

I was desirous of adorning them with a few pictures: for, if I take pleasure in any thing of this kind, it is in paintings. However, if I must have these statues, let me know where they are, when they will arrive, and by what conveyance you propose to send them. For, if Damasippus should change his intentions of buying them, I shall find, perhaps, some pretender to his taste, who may be glad of the purchase, and I should be willing to part with them even at a loss.

When I received your first letter concerning the house you want to take, belonging to Cassius, I was just setting out from Rome, and, therefore, I left your commission with my daughter. However, I took an opportunity myself of talking upon this affair with your friend Nicia, who, you know, is very intimate with Cassius. At my return hither, and before I had opened your last letter, I inquired of Tullia what she had done in this matter. She told me, she had applied to Licinia to speak to her brother Cassius; but, I believe, he is not upon very good terms with his sister. The answer which Licinia gave my daughter was, that her husband being gone into Spain, she durst not remove in his absence and without his knowledge. I am greatly obliged to you for being so desirous of my company as to be impatient to get into a house where you may not only be near me, but actually under the same roof. Be assured I am no less desirous of having you for my neighbour, and as I am sensible how much it will contribute to our mutual satisfaction, I shall try every expedient for that purpose. If I should have any success, I will let you know: in the meanwhile, I beg you would return me a particular answer to this letter, and tell me at the same time when I may expect to see you. Farewell.

XVII.—TO M. MARIUS, in his villa on the BAY OF NAPLES. (Fam. VII. 1.)

If any pain of body or weakness of health hindered you from coming to the games, I lay it more to your good fortune than your wisdom; but if you thought you ought to hold in contempt what others admire and

yet were unwilling to come, although you could as far as your health was concerned. I rejoice both that you were free from bodily pain and were strong in mind, since you despise those things which others foolishly admire. If only you have had some real enjoyment in your leisure, into which indeed you could enter with zest, since you were left almost alone in that charming estate of yours. And yet I do not doubt that you spent your mornings with short readings in your little chamber, from which you have made a view of your Stabian estate by cutting a window, and brought Misenum in sight during those days while those who had left you there were looking, half awake, at common buffoons. You spent the rest of the day in truth in those delightful occupations which you had provided according to your own free will; but we had to endure what Spurius Mæcius had approved. On the whole, if you ask, the games were splendid, but not to your taste: for I judge yours from mine; for in the first place, in compliment to the occasion, those returned to the stage whom I thought had left it for the sake of their reputation: one of these was in truth your favorite, our Æsop, but he was so changed that it was agreed by all that he should be excused from acting. When he had begun to pronounce the oath, his voice failed him at the place, "If I knowingly forswear myself." Why should I recount the rest to you? For you know the other entertainments which had not even that charm which ordinary representations have. For the enormous parade, the magnificence of which I have no doubt that you would very willingly have spared, evoked the mirth of all, for what pleasure do sixty mules furnish in "Clytemnestra?" Or three thousand shields in the "Trojan Horse?" Or the varied equipment of the infantry and cavalry in a mock battle? What people admire would have brought no pleasure to you. But if you through those days made use of your Protogenes, provided he read anything to you but my orations, you truly had not a little more pleasure than any of us; for I do not think you would have cared for Greek or Oscean farces, especially when you can see if you wish Os-

can farces in your town council, and you object so to anything Greek that you will not even go by the Greek road to your estate. And why should I suppose that you care for athletes when you disapprove of the gladiators? Pompey himself makes it known that he has thrown away pains and expense on them. Besides, there were two combats of wild beasts each of the five days, magnificent—no one denies it—but what pleasure can they afford a man of refinement when either a feeble man is torn by a powerful beast, or a splendid animal is transfixed by the hunting-spear? Yet these sights you have often seen where there has been opportunity, and we who witnessed these saw nothing new. On the last day the combats of the elephants came, which amazed the common people, but did not delight them. But pity was aroused, and the general opinion was that these animals are in some degree akin to man. Yet that I may not perhaps seem to you to have been happy during these days and wholly at my ease, I nearly killed myself with pleading for your friend, Gallus Caninius. But if the people were as lenient to me as to Æsop, I would assuredly abandon my profession and live with you and others like me; for even though I was formerly wearied of it, when both my age and ambition urged me, and allowed me then to defend no one whom I did not wish to, now, truly it is no life at all, for I do not expect any result from my toil, and I am forced sometimes to defend men who do not deserve favors at my hands for the sake of those who do. And so I am thinking all kinds of life for the future according to my own pleasure, and I greatly admire and approve you and your plan of retirement, and I am not disturbed that you visit me so seldom because if you were at Rome, yet I could not enjoy your bright conversation, nor you mine—such as it is—because of my most harassing cares; if I disentangle myself from these, for I do not demand to be wholly free from them, I shall certainly show you, who have been for many years considering nothing else, what it is to live a life of refined pleasure. Take good care of your delicate health and see, as you do, that

you may be able to come to my villas, accompanying me in my litter. I have written to you more at length than I am accustomed, not because I have any spare time, but on account of my love for you, because you hinted in a letter, if you remember, that I should write you something to make you less sorry to have missed the entertainment. If I have done this, I am glad; if not, I yet console myself with this, that hereafter you will come to the games and will see me, and will not rely on my letters for your amusement.

XVIII.—TO QUINTUS, in some SUBURBAN DWELLING. (Q. Fr. II. 9 [11].)

Your little notes have wrung this letter from me by their reproaches; for the circumstance itself, and the day in which you set out, gave me no subject for writing, but as, when we are together, conversation is not wont to fail us, so too our letters ought at times to have something sparkling in them.

The liberty of the Tenedians, therefore, has been cut down with a Tenedian axe, as no one, except Bibulus, and Calidius, and Favonius, and me, was found to defend them.

Mention has been made of you by the Magnesians of Sipylus, the more honorable as they said that you were the only person who resisted the demands of Lucius Sextius Pansa.

For the rest of the time, if there should be anything which it is desirable for you to know, or even if there is nothing of the sort, still I will write something every day. On the 12th of April I will not be wanting either to you or to Pomponius.

The poems of Lucretius are just what you described them: remarkable for no great brilliancy of genius, but for a great deal of art. But when you come, I shall think you a man indeed, if you can read the Empedoclea of Salust; an ordinary man I shall not think you.

NIX.—TO QUINTUS, in the COUNTRY. (Q. Fr. II.
10 [12].)

I am glad that my letters are acceptable to you, and yet I should not even now have had any subject for writing upon, if I had not received yours; for, on the 14th, when Appius had assembled the Senate, which met in very scanty numbers, it was so bitterly cold that he was compelled by the grumbling of the people to dismiss us.

About the King of Commagene, Appius, both in his own letters to me, and by the mouth of Pomponius, caresses me wonderfully for having frustrated the whole affair; for he sees that if I adhere to this kind of speaking on other matters, February will be quite barren; and I touched him off in a tolerably sportive humor, and wrung from him not only that little town which was situated on the Euphrates at Zeugma, but ridiculed his prætexta gown which he had in the consluship of Cæsar, with much laughter from everybody.

As to his not wishing, said I, to renew the same honors, so as not to have to furbish up his prætexta every year, I do not think we need come to any vote on that point: but you, nobles, who could not bear a man from Bostra wearing the prætexta will you endure one from Commagene? You see the kind, and the topics of my jokes. I said a great deal against an ignoble king, and at the end he was completely hissed out. With this sort of speech Appius, as I said, being delighted, is entirely devoted to me; for nothing can be more easy than to get rid of all the rest of the business. But I will do nothing to offend him, lest he implore the protection of Jupiter Hospitalis; and call together all the Greeks by whose intervention I have been reconciled to him.

We will give satisfaction to Theopompus. About Cæsar it had escaped me to write to you, for I see what a letter you expected; but he wrote to Balbus, that that bundle of letters, in which mine and Balbus were, was brought to him soaked through and through with water, so that he did not even know that there had been any

letter at all from me. But of the letter of Balbus, he had been able to make out a few words; to which he replied in these terms:—I see that you have said something about Cicero which I have not been able to make out; but as far as I could guess, it was something of this kind, that I should think him rather to be wished for than hoped for.

I, therefore, subsequently sent Cæsar another copy of the letter; do not you overlook his jest about his difficulties. And I wrote him word also in reply, that there was nothing that he would be able to throw into disorder from relying on my strong box: and in this way I jested with him familiarly, and at the same time with a proper dignity. His exceeding good-will towards me is communicated by messengers from all quarters. Letters, indeed, referring to what you expect, will very nearly coincide with your return. The other events of each day I will write to you, that is to say, if you will provide couriers. Although, such terrible cold has prevailed, that there was very great danger of Appius' house being burnt down.

XX.—TO QUINTUS, on his way to CÆSAR'S CAMP IN
BRITAIN. (Q. Fr. II. 13 [15a].)

On the 2nd of June, the day on which I arrived at Rome, I received your letter dated from Placentia; and then, the next day, I received a second dated at Blandeus, with a letter from Cæsar, full of expressions of respect, zeal to serve me, and courtesy. These are things of great, or rather of the greatest consequence; for they contribute very greatly to our reputation and high dignity. But, believe me, whom you know well, that what I value most in all these matters I have already

secured; namely, that in the first place, I see you contributing so much to our common dignity; secondly, the extraordinary liking of Julius Cæsar for me, a man whom I prefer to all the honors which he wishes me to expect from him. His letter was dated at the same time with your own; the beginning of it is, how acceptable your arrival was to him, and his recollection of our old friendship; then assuring me that he would take care that in the midst of my sorrow and regret for your absence, while you are away, I should be pleased, above all, that you were with him. The letter delighted me amazingly.

You therefore act in a most brotherly spirit when you exhort me, though in truth I am running of my own accord the same way, to devote all my energies to his single service; and perhaps by my eager zeal I shall do what often happens to travellers when they are in haste, that if by chance they have got up later than they intended, they still, by making haste, arrive where they wish earlier than they would have done if they had lain awake a great part of the night; and so now I have been asleep a long time as to paying attention to that man, though you in truth have often tried to wake me, shall now by my speed make amends for my slowness, both on horseback, and (since you write me word that my poem is approved by him) in the coach and four of poetry; only give me Britain to paint with your colors and my pencil. But of what am I thinking? what spare time presents itself to me, particularly while I remain at Rome, as he begs me to do? However, I will see. For perhaps, as is often the case, my affection for you will overcome every difficulty. He thanks me with a

good deal of honor, and with great civility too, for having sent him Trebatius; for he says that in all that number of persons who were with him, there was not one who could draw a bail-bond. I asked him for the tribuneship for Marcus Curtius, (for Domitius would have thought that he was being turned into ridicule if he had been solicited by me, since it is a daily saying of his, that he cannot make even a tribune of the soldiers; and even in the Senate he railed Appius his colleague, saying that he had gone to Cæsar, with the view of getting some tribuneship or other,) but only for the year after next. And that was what Curtis wished for too.

Know that, as you think it behoves you to be, in regard to public affairs and our private enmities, so I myself both am, and shall be of a very gentle and moderate demeanor.

Affairs at Rome were in this state. There was some expectation of the comitia, but a doubtful one: there was some suspicion of a dictatorship, but not even that was certain. There was a perfect cessation of all business in the courts of law, but more as if the state was growing indolent from age than from real tranquillity. Our own opinion delivered in the Senate was of such a kind that others agreed with more than we did ourselves.

Such are the evils of disastrous war.

XXI.—TO QUINTUS, in BRITAIN. (Q. Fr. III. 7.)

There was a wonderful flood at Rome, and especially along the Appian road, as far as the temple of Mars; the walks of Crassipes, and his gardens, have been

carried away, and many shops. There has been an amazing quantity of water down as far as the public fish ponds. The passage of Homer is powerfully illustrated:—

As on an Autumn day, when Jupiter
Pours violent waters forth, whene'er, enraged,
His anger burns 'gainst men:

For it applies well to the acquittal of Gabinius

Men who by force in council will pronounce
Judgments unjust, and banish right, the voice
Of heaven not heeding.

But I have made up my mind not to trouble myself about these matters.

When I arrive in Rome, I will write you word what I observe, and especially about the dictatorship; and I will give the couriers letters, both for Labienus and for Ligurius.

I wrote this before daybreak, by the light of a little wooden candlestick, which was very acceptable to me, because they said that you, when you were at Samos, had had it made. Farewell, my most affectionate and most excellent brother.

XXII.—TO TREBATIUS, in the Camp of CÆSAR IN
BRITAIN. (Fam. VII. 16.)

You remember the character given the Phrygians in the plays, "that their wisdom ever came too late:" but you are resolved, my dear cautious old gentleman, that no imputation of this kind shall be fixed upon you. Thank heaven, indeed, you wisely subdued the romantic spirit of your first letters, as you were not so obstinately bent upon new adventures, as to hazard a voyage for that purpose into Britain; and who, in troth, can blame you? It is the same disposition, I imagine, that has immovably fixed you in your winter-quarters, and certainly there is nothing like acting with circumspection upon all occasions. Take my word for it, prudence is the safest shield.

If it were usual with me to sup from home, most undoubtedly I could not refuse your gallant friend Octavius. I will own, however, I love to mortify the man's vanity; and whenever he invites me I always affect to look with some surprise, as not seeming to recollect his person. Seriously, he is a wondrous pretty fellow; what pity it is that you did not take him abroad with you.

Let me know how you are employed, and whether there is any probability of seeing you in Italy this winter. Balbus assures me, that you will certainly return immensely rich; but whether he means in the vulgar sense, or agreeably to the maxim of his friends the Stoics, who maintain, you know, "that every man is rich who has the free enjoyment of earth and air," is a doubt which time will clear up.

I find, by those who come from your part of the world, that you are grown wonderfully reserved; for they tell me you answer no queries. However, it is on all hands a settled point, (and you have reason, certainly, to congratulate yourself upon it,) that you are the most profound sage in the law throughout the whole city of Samarobriua. Farewell.

XXIII.—TO TREBATIUS, in BRITAIN. (Fam. VII. 11.)

If you were not already in the number of our absentees, undoubtedly you would be tempted to leave us at this juncture, for what business can a lawyer expect in Rome, during this long and general suspension of all judicial proceedings! Accordingly I advise my friends who have any actions commenced against them, to petition each successive interrex for a double enlargement of the usual time for putting in their pleas; and is not this a proof how wonderfully I have profited by your sage instructions in the law? But tell me, my friend, since your letters, I have observed, have lately run in a more enlivened strain than usual, what is it that has elevated you into so gay a humour? This air of pleasantry I like well, it looks as if the world went successfully with you, and I am all impatience to know what it is that has thus raised your spirits. You inform me, indeed, that Cæsar does you the honor to advise with you. For my own part, however, I had rather hear that he consulted your interest, than your judgment. But seriously, if the former is really the case, or there is any probability of its proving so, let me entreat you to continue in your present situation, and patiently submit to the inconveniences of a military life; as, on my part, I shall support myself under your absence with the hopes of its turning to your advantage. But if all expectations of this kind are at an end, let us see you as soon as possible; and, perhaps, some method may be found here, of improving your fortunes. If not, we shall at least have the satisfaction of enjoying each other's company, and one hour's conversation together is of more value to us, my friend, than the whole city of Samarobriua. Besides, if you return soon, the disappointment you have suffered may pass unremarked; whereas a longer pursuit to no purpose, would be so ridiculous a circumstance, that I am terribly afraid it would scarce escape the drollery of those very arch fellows, Laberius and my companion Valerius. And what a burlesque character would a British lawyer furnish out for the Roman stage!

You may smile, perhaps, at this notion; but tho' I mention it in my usual style of pleasantry, let me tell you it is no jesting matter. In good earnest, if there is any prospect that my recommendations will avail in obtaining the honors you deserve; I cannot but exhort you, in all the sincerity and of the warmest friendship, to make yourself easy under this absence, as a means of increasing both your fortunes and your fame: if not I would strongly advise your return. I have no doubt, however, that your own merit, in conjunction with my most zealous services, will procure you every advantage you can reasonably desire. Farewel.

XXIV.—TO TREBATIUS, in BRITAIN. (Fam. VII. 11.)

I wonder why it is that you have ceased writing to me; my friend Pansa has informed me that you have become an Epicurean. A glorious camp to join! What would you have done if I had sent you to Tarentum and not to Samarobriva? For some time back I have not been satisfied with you, since you took up the same views as my friend Zeius. But how will you defend civil law, when you do everything for the sake of yourself, not of the citizens? What will become of that formal pledge—as there should be good conduct among good men—for what good man is there who does nothing except on his own account? What rule of right will you lay down for division of a common stock when nothing can be common among men who measure all things by their own pleasure? How will you be pleased to swear by the statue of Jupiter, when you know Jupiter can be angry at no one? Then what will become of the people of Ulubrae if you have determined it is wrong to be a politician? So if you really are deserting us, I am sorry; but if you merely find it convenient to agree with Pansa, I excuse you. But write occasionally to me what you are doing, and what you wish me to do or take charge of for you.

XXV.—TO TREBATIUS, in GAUL. (Fam. VII. 13.)

Can you seriously suppose me so unreasonable as to be angry, because I thought you discovered too inconstant a disposition in your impatience to leave Gaul? And can you possibly believe it was for that reason I have thus long omitted writing? The truth is, I was only concerned at the uneasiness which seemed to have overcast your mind: and I forebore to write upon no other account, but as being entirely ignorant where to direct my letters. I suppose, however, that this is a plea which your loftiness will scarce condescend to admit. But tell me then, is it the weight of your purse, or the honour of being the counsellor of Cæsar, that most disposes you to be thus insufferably arrogant. Let me perish if I do not believe that thy vanity is so immoderate, as to choose rather to share in his councils than his coffers. But should he admit you into a participation of both, you will undoubtedly swell into such intolerable airs, that no mortal will be able to endure you; or none, at least, except myself, who am philosopher enough, you know, to endure anything. But I was going to tell you, that as I regretted the uneasiness you formerly expressed, so I rejoice to hear that you are better reconciled to your situation. My only fear is, that your wonderful skill in the law will little avail you in your present quarters; for I am told, that the people you have to deal with,

Rest the strength of their cause on the force of their might,

And the sword is supreme arbitrator of right.
As I know you do not choose to be concerned in forcible entries, and are much too peaceably disposed to be fond of making assaults, let me leave a piece of advice with my lawyer, and by all means recommend it to you to avoid the Treviri; for I hear they are most formidable fellows. I wish from my heart they were as harmless as their namesakes round the edges of our coin. But I must reserve the rest of my jokes to another opportunity: in the meantime, let me desire you would send me

a full account of whatever is going forward in your province. Farewel.

March the 4th.

XXVI.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. V. 1.)

I truly saw your feelings at my departure, and am witness to my own state of mind; all the more must you see to it that no new decree may be made that this loss which we feel may not be for more than a year. You have cared well for Annius Saturninus. With regard to giving security, I ask you, as long as you are at Rome, to do it for me yourself; there are also some securities which might be given by mortgage, as for example on my Mennian or Atilian farm. In the case of Oppius, I am gratified by what you have done, and particularly because you have promised payment of the 800 sesterces. This I wish by all means to be paid, even though I have to borrow for it, so as not to wait for the full exaction of all debts due me. Now I come to that line of your letter which was written across at the end of it, in which you remind me of your sister. This is the state of affairs; as I came to Arpinum, where my brother came to me, our conversation, and that a long one, was preëminently about you: from this I came to those things which you and I had said together in Tusculum about your sister. I never saw such mildness and gentleness as my brother manifested toward her, so that if there was any annoyance on account of expense, it was not apparent. So that day was passed, and the next day I left Arpinum. Quintus was obliged to remain at Arcanum on account of the day, but I remained at Aquinus, but dined at Arcanum. You know this farm; as we arrived, Quintus said politely, "Pomponia, do you invite the ladies while I ask the gentlemen." Nothing, as it seemed to me, could have been more gentle either than his words, his spirit, or his expression. But she in my hearing said, "I am only a stranger here." This, as I think, occurred because Statius had gone on before to see to our dinner.

Then Quintus said to me, "See what I endure every day." You will say, "Pray what was there in all this that you tell me?" It was a great matter and annoyed even me; she answered so unreasonably and roughly in words and looks. I appeared not to notice it, vexed as I was. We all sat down to dinner except Pomponia, to whom, however, Quintus sent food from the table, but she refused it. Why more? Nothing seemed to me more considerate than my brother or more irritating than your sister, and I pass over many things which were more annoying to me than to Quintus himself. Thence I went to Aquinum, and Quintus remained in Arcanum, and early the next morning came to me at Aquinum. He told me she was not willing to sleep with him, and when the time of departure came was just as I had seen her. In short, you may say this to her, that in my opinion she was on that day lacking in courtesy. This I have written to you perhaps somewhat at length, that you might see that you too had a duty to do, in teaching and admonishing. It remains for you to finish my commissions completely before you set out; write me everything, hurry Pomptinus off, take care to let me know when you have left Rome. Be sure that no one is more dear or beloved than you. At Minturnæ I parted affectionately with Aulus Torquatus, an excellent man; please let him know in conversation that I have mentioned him to you.

XXVII.—FROM CÆLIUS TO CICERO, on his journey
to HIS PROVINCE. (Fam. VIII. 1.)

Agreeably to my promise when we parted, I have sent you a full account of every event that has happened since you left Rome. For this purpose, I employed a person to collect the news of the town: and am only afraid you will think he has executed his office much too punctually. I am sensible, at the same time, that you are a man of infinite curiosity; and that travellers take pleasure in being informed of every little circumstance transacted at home. But I hope you will not impute it

to any want of respect, that I assigned over this employment to another hand. On the contrary, as much engaged as I really am, and as little fond of writing as you know me to be, I should with great pleasure execute my commission, which gave me occasion to think of you. I trust, however, when you cast your eye upon this volume of news, you will very readily admit my excuse; as I know not, indeed, who else, except the compiler, could find leisure, I will not say to transcribe, but even to peruse such a strange medley. It contains a collection of decrees of the Senate and rumours of the people; of private tales and public edicts. Should it happen, nevertheless, to afford you no sort of entertainment, give me due notice, that I may not put myself to this prodigious expence only to be impertinent. If any events of more importance should arise, and which are above the force of these hackney news-writers, I will take the relation upon myself, and give you a full account of the sentiments and speculations of the world concerning it: but, at present, there is little of this kind stirring.

As to the report which was so current when we were at Cumæ, of enfranchising the colonies on the other side the Po; it does not seem to have travelled beyond that city: at least, I have heard no mention of this affair since my return to Rome. Marcellus not having yet moved that Cæsar may be recalled from his government in Gaul, and intending to defer it, as he told me himself, to the first of June, it has occasioned the revival of those suspicions to his disadvantage, which so strongly prevailed when you were here.

If you had an interview with Pompey (as I remember it was your intention) let me know the conversation that passed between you, and what you could discover of his designs: for though he seldom speaks his real sentiments, he has not artifice enough to conceal them. As to Cæsar, we have frequent, and no very favorable reports concerning him: however, they are at present, nothing more than rumours. Some say he has lost all his cavalry; and I believe this is the truth of the case: others, that the seventh legion has been entirely de-

feated, and that he himself is surrounded by the Bellovaci, that he cannot possibly receive any succours from the main body of his army. But this news is not publicly known: on the contrary, it is only the whisper of a party which I need not name, and who mention it with great caution; particularly Domitius, who tells it in your ear with a most important air of secrecy.

A strong report prevailed here, that you were assassinated upon the road on the 24th of May, by Quintus Pompeius. I heartily cursed the idle authors of this alarm: however, it did not give me any great disturbance, as I knew Pompeius to be then at Baulis, where the poor man is reduced to exercise the miserable office of a pilot, to keep himself from starving. May you ever be as secure from all other dangers, as you were from this!

Your friend Plancus is at Ravenna: and, notwithstanding the very considerable benefaction he has lately received from Cæsar, the man is still in distress.

Your political treatise is universally read and much admired. Farewell.

XXVIII.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. V. 9.)

I arrived at Actium the 15th of June, having feasted like the Salii at Coreyra, and Sybotis, upon the presents which Arcus and my friend Eutychides had splendidly and kindly provided for me. I preferred going from Actium by land, after having had a very unpleasant voyage. The doubling of Leucate too seemed to be attended with difficulty; and I did not think it becoming to proceed to Patræ in a small vessel without my equipage. I daily study myself, and direct my attendants, to carry into effect my determination (in which you often encouraged my speed), to discharge this office, which is out of the common course, with the utmost moderation, and the utmost forbearance. I hope that the Parthians will be quiet, and that fortune will favour me; I shall do my part. Pray take care to let me know what you are doing, where you will be at successive times, how you left my affairs at Rome, and above all about the twenty and

the eight hundred sestertia (£166 and £6,660). This you will accomplish in one letter carefully despatched, so that it may reach me. But (though you are now absent, while the business of the provinces is not under consideration, yet will, as you wrote me word, be present at the time) remember to provide through your own influence, and through all my friends, especially through Hortensius, that my year of service may remain in its present state, and that no addition may be decreed. I am so earnest in this request, that I doubt if I should not even beg you to contend against any intercalation. But I must not impose every burden upon you. At least however be firm upon the subject of the year. My affectionate and dear boy Cicero sends his compliments to you. I have always, as you know, had a regard for Dionysius; but I esteem him more and more every day, and particularly because he loves you, and is continually talking about you.

XXIX.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. V. 12.)

A sea voyage is a serious thing, even in July. We were five days coming from Athens to Delus. On the 6th of July we proceeded from the Piræus to Zoster with a troublesome wind, which detained us there the next day. On the 8th we had a pleasant passage to Ceo. From thence we went to Gyarus with a strong gale, but not unfavourable. We completed our course to Scyrus, and thence to Delus, to both of them quicker than we wished. You are acquainted with the undecked vessels of the Rhodians; there is nothing less calculated to resist the waves. I had, therefore, determined not to hurry, nor to stir from Delus till the indications from the heights should be favourable. As soon as I heard of Messala, I immediately wrote to you from Gyarus; and I also communicated my opinion to Hortensius, with whom I fully sympathized. But I am expecting a letter from you informing me what is said of that judgment, and indeed upon the whole state of the republic, and that a statesmanlike letter, since you are reading over my treatise on Government with my friend Thallumetus; so that I

may learn not only what is doing (for that even your grave client Helenius could tell), but what will be done hereafter. By the time you read this, the consuls will be appointed. You will be able to perceive with some certainly everything relating to Cæsar, to Pompeius, to the trials themselves. But, I beseech you, since you remain in Rome, clear off my business. What I forgot to answer you about the brick-work, I request you to get done. Respecting the water, if anything can be done, I beg you to manage it with your usual kindness. I do from my own sense of the subject, as well as from your representation, consider it of real importance: therefore accomplish something. If Philippus has asked you to do anything in his affair, I should be glad if you would gratify him. I will write more to you when I am settled; I am now completely in the middle of the sea.

XXX.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. V. 15.)

I came to Laodicea the 31st of July. From this day you will begin the reckoning of my year. Nothing could be more desired, nothing more affectionately entertained, than my arrival. But it is not to be believed how sick I am of this business. The activity of my mind, with which you are so well acquainted, has not a sufficient field to exert itself, and the notable effect of my industry is lost. Is it for me to administer justice at Laodicea, and A. Plotius at Rome? And while our friend is commanding so large an army, for me to have the name only of two meagre legions? In short, I want not these things; I want the splendour, the forum, the city, my own home, and you. But I will bear it as I can, provided it be but for one year. If my government is prolonged, it is all over with me; but it may very easily be prevented if only you remain at Rome. You ask what I do here. I shall continue to live, as I do, at a great expense. I am wonderfully pleased with the plan I have adopted. I observe a strict self-denial, agreeably to your advice; so that I doubt whether it will not be necessary to raise money in order to pay off what I have borrowed of you. I do not exasperate the wounds of Appius, but they ap-

pear, and cannot be concealed. I write this on the 3rd of August, on my way from Laodicea to the camp in Lycaonia. Thence I mean to proceed to Mount Taurus, that I may contend in arms with Mæragenes, and, if I can, may decide the affair of your slave. The panniers, as they say, have been put on the wrong beast. It is confessedly a burden that does not belong to me, but I will bear it, only, as you love me, let it not exceed the year. Mind to be present in time, that you may solicit the whole Senate. I am exceedingly anxious, because it is now a long while that I have remained in ignorance of all that is doing. Therefore, as I have before said to you, make me acquainted, besides other things, with the state itself. Should I write more by a tardy messenger? but I deliver this to a familiar and friendly man, C. Andronicus of Puteoli. You will have frequent opportunities of sending to me by the messengers of the public renters, through the collectors of the revenue and customs within my district.

✓ XXXI.—CÆLIUS TO CICERO, in HIS PROVINCE.
 ✓ (Fam. VIII. 5.)

How far you may be alarmed at the invasion which threatens your province and the neighbouring countries, I know not: but for myself, I confess, I am extremely anxious for the consequence. Could we contrive, indeed, that the enemy's forces should be only in proportion to the number of yours, and just sufficient to entitle you to the honour of a triumph; there could not be a more desirable circumstance. But the misfortune is, if the Parthians should make any attempt, I well know it will be a very powerful one: and I am sensible, at the same time, that you are so little in a condition to oppose their march, that you have scarce troops to defend a single defile. But the world, in general, will not be so reasonable as to make the proper allowances for this circumstance. On the contrary, it is expected from a man in your station, that he should be prepared for every occurrence that may arise, without once considering whether he is furnished with the necessary supplies for

that purpose. I am still the more uneasy upon your account, as I foresee the contests concerning affairs in Gaul will retard the nomination of your successor: and though I dare say you have already had this contingency in your view, yet I thought proper to apprise you of its probability, that you might be so much the more early in adjusting your measures accordingly. I need not tell you that the usual artifices will undoubtedly be played off. A day will be appointed for considering of a successor to Cæsar: Upon which some tribune will interpose his negative; and then a second will probably declare, that unless the Senate shall be at liberty to put the question freely, concerning all the provinces in general, he will not suffer it to be debated with regard to any in particular. And thus we shall be trifled with for a considerable time: possibly, indeed, two or three years may be spun out by these contemptible artifices.

If any thing new had occurred in public affairs, I should, as usual, have sent you the account, together with my sentiments thereupon: but, at present, the wheels of our political machine seem to be altogether motionless. Marcellus is still pursuing his former designs concerning the provinces: but he has not yet been able to assemble a competent number of senators. Had this motion been brought on the preceding year, and had Curio at the same time been tribune: it would, probably, have succeeded: but as affairs are now circumstanced, you are sensible how easy it will be for Cæsar, regardless as he is of the public interest, when it stands in competition with his own, to obstruct all our proceedings. Farewel.

XXXII.—TO ATTICUS, on the way to EPIRUS. (Att. V. 20.)

Early in the morning of the Saturnalia, the people of Pindenissus surrendered to me, on the seventeenth day after we began to besiege them. "Who the mischief are these people of Pindenissus? Who are they?" you will ask. "I never heard the name." What should I do? Could I change Cilicia into Ætolia or Macedonia?

Now, be it understood that such great movements could not have been carried on, either with this army or in this place. Learn these things in a short account, for in a former letter you have granted this permission. How I came to Ephesus you know, for you even congratulated me upon my reception upon that day which pleased me more than anything had ever done before. After leaving there, I was remarkably received in those towns along the way, and I came to Laodicea the last day of July. While remaining there two days, I was highly honored, and I removed the impression of former injuries by complimentary words. I did the same at Apamea, where I stayed five days, at Synnas three days, at Philomelium five days, and at Iconium ten days. Nothing was better than that judicial decision at that time, nothing more courteous or more effective. There I encamped August 26; August 30 I reviewed the army at Inconium. As important news came from the Parthians, I pushed from this camp into Cilicia by that part of Cappadocia which adjoins Cilicia, with the idea that the Armenian Artavasdes and the Parthians should think themselves cut off from Cappadocia. When I had been encamped five days at Cybistra, I was informed that the Parthians were far away from that approach to Cappadocia, and were threatening Cilicia; so I hastily marched into Cilicia through the defile of the Taurus range. I came to Tarsus October 5; then I marched to Amanus, which divides Syria from Cilicia at the water-shed. This mountain is continually swarming with warlike tribes. Here, on the thirteenth of October, we killed many of the enemy. By an approach of Pomptinus in the night, and my arrival in the morning, we seized and burned a strongly fortified citadel; I was saluted as Imperator. For a few days we held that very camp which Alexander had held against Darius at Issus, an Imperator not a little better than you or I. There I remained five days, plundering and wasting Amanus, and then departed; for you know the rumor of panics and the unfounded terrors of war. At the report of my approach Cassius, who was being held at Antioch, took courage, and the Parthians be-

came alarmed; so Cassius, following them on their retreat from the town, was successful; in that flight Osaces, a man of great authority, leader of the Parthians, received a wound from the effects of which he died in a few days. My name is in great honor in Syria. In the meantime came Bibulus; I suppose he wished to be equal to me in this vain title: in that same Amanus he began to look for a laurel-wreath in a cake. But he lost the whole cohort and a centurion of the first rank, a distinguished officer, Asinius Dento, and others of that same cohort, and Sextus Lucilius, military tribune, the son of Titus Gavius Cræpio, a rich and excellent man. Surely he incurred a terrible disaster in fact, and especially in consideration of the time. I went to Pindenissus, the best fortified town within the memory of all free Cilicians, which was then in arms. The men were fierce and bold, and prepared in every way for defence. We besieged them by a wall and ditch, a very high mound, a lofty tower, a great abundance of missiles, many arrows, and spent great labor and preparation on the work. Though many men were wounded, the army was unhurt, and we accomplished the work. The Saturnalia was a joyful occasion to the soldiers at least, to whom we allowed the remainder of the booty after taking the horses. The slaves were sold on the third day of the Saturnalia. While I am writing this, there is property worth 12,000 sester tia on the stand. From here I give over the army to my brother Quintus to lead into winter-quarters in a region scarcely subdued. I myself am going to Laodicea. This is the condition so far. But let me return to what I have omitted. As to your special exhortation, which is of more importance than everything else, in which you are exerting yourself, that I may satisfy the obstinate critic, I shall die, if anything can be done more elegantly. And I do not now call this temperance which seems a virtue to resist pleasure; in my life I have never been affected by so great pleasure as now by this integrity of mine, and my great reputation delights me not so much as the affair itself. In short, it was worth while; I myself neither knew nor sufficiently

understood what I was capable of in this direction: I have rightly been puffed up. There is nothing more worthy of note. Meanwhile these things are glorious. Ariobarzanes lives and reigns through my efforts; in passing by my advice and authority, and by refusing not only to receive gifts, but even to see the intriguers against him, I saved the king and his kingdom. Meanwhile I have exacted from Cappadocia not even a mite; I cheered Brutus in his despair as much as I could—Brutus, whom I love not less than you do, I almost said not less than you. And, moreover, I hope that in the whole year of my command there will not be a farthing of expense in the province. You have it all. Now I am preparing to send an official report to Rome. It will be fuller than if I had sent it from Amanus. But you will not be at Rome! But the important thing is what will take place on the first of March, for I fear lest, when action is taken about Cæsar's province, if he resists, I shall be kept here. If you were to be there then, I should not fear it. I come back to the affairs in the city, of which I was ignorant for a long time, but learned of through your very acceptable letter of December 28. Philogenes, your freedman, took care that it was brought over a long and somewhat unsafe way. I did not, however, receive the one you write that you gave to the slaves of Lænius. The resolution of the Senate concerning Cæsar, and the hopes that you have, please me. If he yields to it, I am safe. I am not sorry that Seius was singed by the fire of Plætorius. I desire to know why Luceius was so censorious in the case of Quintus Cassius. When I come to Laodicea, I shall be ordered to give the white toga to Quintus, your sister's son, whom I will somewhat restrain. Deiotarus, whose great aid I have used, is about to join me at Laodicea with the two Ciceros, as he has written. I await your letter from Epirus, that I may have an account not only of your work, but also of your leisure. Nicanor is at his duty, and I treat him liberally; as I think, I shall send him to Rome with my public report, that it may be very carefully carried, and he may bring back to me a trustworthy account concern-

ing and from you. It pleases me that Alexis so often sends greeting in a postscript; but why does he not do the same with his letters that my Alexis does to you? I am looking out for a horn for Phemius. But this is enough. Take care of your health, and let me know when you think of going to Rome. Again and again, farewell.

I most carefully, when at Ephesus, commend you and your adherents to Thernius, and have again done so by letter, and I have known that he is most studious of your welfare. I wish, as I have before written, you would give attention to the house of Pammenus, so that what the boy has by our kindness you may see is not taken from him in any way. I not only consider this a matter of honor to both of us, but a pleasure to me.

XXXIII.—TO P. VOLUMNIUS EUTRAPELUS, in
ROME. (Fam. VII. 32.)

Because you sent me a letter familiarly as you should without your first name, I at first was in doubt whether it was from Volumnius the senator, with whom I have much intercourse; then the wit of the letter was such that I knew it was yours; in this letter I was pleased with everything but this, that you, my bailiff, are not careful enough in protecting my property in my salt-works; for you say after my departure every one's jokes, even those of Sestius, were ascribed to me. What? Do you allow it? Do you not defend me? Do you not resist? I indeed hoped that I had left the examples of my wit so well known that they could be easily recognized. But since there is such a vulgar crowd in the city, that there is nothing so vile as not to seem graceful to some one, unless some pointed ambiguity, some elegant hyperbole, some neat fun, some ridiculous surprise, or some example scientifically and ingeniously expressed of the other forms which I have discussed the second book of "De Oratore" in the character of Antonius on the subject of witticisms shall appear, as you love me, fight like one contending in a real suit

that they are not mine. For as to your complaints about the law-proceedings, I am much less anxious; as far as I am concerned all the defendants may be hung; let even Silius be so eloquent as to succeed in proving that he is not a knave, I care not. My proprietary right in the case of humor let us defend, I beseech you, by all possible bars. In this I fear you alone and care nothing for the others. Do you think I am laughing at you? Now at least I know how sensible you are. But this is without joking; your letter seemed to me witty and elegant. What followed, ridiculous as it was, did not make me laugh. For I wish that friend of mine had more dignity in his office as tribune, and this not only on his own account, for he is dearly connected with me, as you know, but for the sake of the republic which I shall never cease to love, no matter how ungrateful it is to me. My dear Volumnius, since you have begun and see it is a pleasure to me, write very often of the affairs in the city and the state. The style of your letter is pleasing to me. Besides, exhort and encourage Dolabella and gain him wholly for my interests, as I perceive and judge he is most loving and fond of me—not because he needs any applications of this sort, but because I am very desirous, I do not seem to be too earnest.

XXXIV.—TO LUCIUS PAPIRIUS PÆTUS, in ROME.
(Fam. IX. 25.)

Your letter has rendered me a most complete general. I protest I did not imagine you were so wonderfully skilled in the art military. But I perceive you are an absolute adept, and deeply studied in the tactics of king Pyrrhus and his minister Cineas. I have some thoughts, therefore, of following your most curious precepts: and, indeed, of improving upon them. For as I am assured that the best armament against the Parthian cavalry is a good fleet, I am designing to equip myself accordingly. Seriously, you cannot imagine what an expert commander you have undertaken to tutor; for after having worn out Xenophon's life of Cyrus,

with reading it at Rome, I have now fairly practised it out in the province.—But I hope soon to joke with you in person. In the mean time, attend with submission due to my high behests. You are not ignorant, I suppose, of the particular intimacy that subsists between Marcus Fabius and myself. I value him, indeed, extremely, not only for the singular integrity and modesty of his heart, but as he is a most excellent second to me in those contests wherein I am sometimes engaged with certain jovial Epicurean companions of yours. He lately joined me at Laodicea; where I am very desirous of detaining him: but he received an unexpected letter, which has given him great uneasiness. The purport of it is, that his brother has advertised his intentions of selling an estate at Herculaneum, in which they are both equally interested. This news exceedingly alarms my friend, and as his brother's understanding is not extremely strong, he is inclined to think he has been instigated by some of their common enemies, to take this very extraordinary measure. Let me then entreat you, my dear Pætus, if you have any friendship for me, to ease Fabius of the trouble of this affair, by receiving the whole burthen of it upon yourself. We shall have occasion for your authority, your advice, and your interest: and I hope you will exert them all, in order to prevent these two brothers from the disgrace of appearing as adversaries in a court of justice. I must not forget to tell you, that the persons whom Fabius suspects to be the malicious authors of this advice to his brother, are Mato and Pollio. To say all in one word, I shall think myself inexpressibly obliged, if you ease my friend of this troublesome affair; a favour, he persuades me, entirely in your power. Farewel.

XXXV.—CICERO TO ATTICUS, on his way to ROME.
(Att. VI. §§ 17-26.)

What do you say concerning the statue of Africanus? What a medley this letter is! But your letters have made me in love with his manner. Is Mettellus Scipio ignorant, that his grandfather never was censor? The

inscription upon that statue to which you have given so exalted a place in the temple of Ops, mentions only his being consul. In like manner, upon the statute in the temple of Pollux, the inscription mentions only his being consul; and that it is his statue appears from the attitude, the robe, the ring and the face. And indeed, when I observed in that cavalcade of gilded equestrians, which this same Metellus has erected in the capitol, the image of Scipio Africanus, inscribed with the name of Serapion, I thought it had been the mistake of the workmen, but I am now convinced it was owing to the disgraceful the calendar, if it be one, it is a very general mistake, ignorance of Metellus himself.

With regard to my mistake concerning Flavius and You have done well to inquire; I was obliged to follow a public, though perhaps a false tradition, which is often all the direction we have with regard to the Greeks. How general is the opinion among them, that Alcibiades in his voyage to Sicily threw into the sea Eupolis, the father of ancient comedy. Yet this fact is confuted by Eratosthenes, who has produced plays of Eupolis, composed since that time. Notwithstanding this anachronism, Duris the Samian, an accurate historian, has not lost his credit by falling into it, because the mistake was general. It is not universally understood, and by Theophrastus amongst others, that Zaleucus, composed the Locrian laws? But does Theophrastus suffer in his character, if your favorite Timeus has shewn him to be under a mistake as to the fact? But it is disgraceful in a man to be ignorant, that his great grandfather never was censor, especially as none of the Cornelii, after his consulate, was censor during his life.

As to Philotimus, and the payment of the five hundred twenty-four thousand serteces; I understand he is to be at Chersonesus about the beginning of January; but as yet I have had no letter from him. Camillus writes me, that he has received my arrears. I should be glad to know, what at present I do not know, how much they amount to. But we will talk of these matters hereafter, and perhaps more conveniently, when we meet. I own to you, my dearest friend, that I was alarmed with

that passage, towards the end of your letter, which thus begins. Need I add. You then conjure me in the most affectionate terms to be always circumspect, and see how every thing is transacted. Have you then heard any rumour? It is not indeed likely that you have; for I think nothing has or can escape my vigilance. But yet, that hint, though cautious, seems to me to have some bearing.

I again tell you, that your answer to Marcus Octavius was very proper, had it been a little more peremptory. For Cælius has sent his freedman to me with very pressing letters, but his request respecting the panthers, and the contributions of the several states was scandalous. I replied that I was mortified by the public inattention to my government, and that it was not known at Rome I levied no money on the public, but to discharge the public debts. I informed him farther, that I could not bring myself to think, that I could honourably grant, or he receive, the money he demanded; and I admonished him from the sincere affection I have for him, that he, who accuses others, should see that himself be free from fault. As to his request respecting the panthers, I observed that it was not consistent with my honour to compel the Cibyrites to hunt at the public expence.

Lepta is quite overjoyed with your letter, which is well composed, and has done me great honour with him. I am gratified that your little daughter was so earnest in desiring you to send me her compliments; I am likewise obliged to Pilia. Do you, therefore, present my compliments to both, but especially to the former, whose affection is the more remarkable, as it is impossible for her to remember ever to have seen me. The date of your letter being the last of December, renewed to me the dear remembrance of that glorious oath, which shall never be forgotten. Never did a magistrate appear with more lustre than I did that day. Now I have answered all particulars: and I repay you in kind, and not gold for brass.

I have indeed another note from you, which I must not let pass unanswered. Luccius, it seems, has parted with his seat at Tusculanum, and I think, he has done

right, if it serves to diminish his expences; for there he used to have no other company but his music-master. I should be glad to know how his affairs stand. I even hear that our friend Lentulus has been obliged to advertise his estate at Tusculanum to raise money; I wish the affairs of both, and also those of Sestius and Cælius, if I mistake not, were less embarrassed. We may say of them all as Homer says of the Greeks, when Hector gave them a challenge, They

Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.

I suppose you have heard, that Curius has some thoughts of recalling Memmius. As to the debt of Egnatius the Sidicinian, my hopes are neither very faint nor very sanguine. Dejotarus is extremely concerned about the recovery of Penarius, whom you recommended to me. So much for your short letter. I beg that, about the 15th of May, when I shall be at Laodicea, you will frequently write to me, and that, after you are arrived at Athens, you will send couriers to me; for I shall then learn how things are at Rome, and how the governments have been distributed, which distribution has taken place in the month of March. But how came you by means of Herodes to extort from Cæsar fifty Attic talents. By this you have incurred great displeasure with Pompey. For he thinks the money, thus obtained by you, is so much loss to him, and that Cæsar will be more cautious how he proceeds in building his seat in the forest of Aricia.

I learned this circumstance from Publius Veditius, who, though a profligate, is very intimate with Pompey. He came to meet me with two chariots and a chaise drawn by coursers, a litter, and such a numerous retinue, that were the bill brought in by Curius to pass, Veditius could not be taxed at less than a hundred thousand sesterces. He had in one of his chariots a Cynocephalus, and was attended by a number of wild asses. Never did I see a more unprincipled man. But hear the sequel. He was entertained at Laodicea, in the house of Pompeius Vindullus, where he left his baggage when he

set out to wait upon me. In the mean while, Vindullus died, and, of course, his estate was understood to devolve to his patron Pompey the Great. Caius Venonius then came to the house of Vindullus, and in sealing up his effects, he seizes those of Vedius, in which were found the miniatures of five ladies, and amongst them that of the sister and wife of your two friends Brutus and Lepidus, whose names indeed are characteristic of their characters; for none but a brute would have associated with such a fellow, and he who could connive at such foul misconduct in his wife, must be gay indeed. This incident I by the way communicate to you; for both of us have too much of female curiosity.

There is one thing I would recommend to you. I hear that Appius is constructing a portico at Eleusis; what would you think, if I should make one for the academy? You will tell me, I am in the right of it; but I desire to have your sentiments in writing. To speak the truth, I am so much in love with Athens, that I am desirous to bequeath to it some monument of my affection. I am adverse to inscribe my own name upon the statues of others; but in this I will be directed by you. Let me know the precise day on which the Roman mysteries are to be celebrated, and how you spent the winter. Farewel, written on the 765th day after the battle of Leuctra.

XXXVI.—TO ATTICUS, on his way to ROME. (Att. VI. 4.)

On the 5th of June I arrived at Tarsus, where I was greatly embarrassed; Syria threatened with war! Cilicia overrun with robbers! my government almost expired, and therefore the measures of my administration the more difficult to be enforced! but, above all, I felt the difficulty of substituting a proper deputy according to the resolutions of the Senate. I had heard nothing of Cælius, and my questor Mescinius was the most unfit man in the world for such a charge. The most proper measure I could pursue, was the leaving my brother in command, and yet with what unsurmountable difficulties is that measure attended, my departure, a threatening

war, and a mutinous army, and numerous other vexations. Wretched situation! But these things I will abandon to chance, since I have no time for deliberation.

I expect you are now got safe to Rome, and if you are, I hope you will continue your goodness in looking after all my concerns, especially my daughter. When you were in Greece, I wrote to my wife my sentiments respecting her nuptials. In the next place, I beg you to have some regard to the public honours that ought to be decreed to me; for I am afraid my letters have been but slightly adverted to in the Senate, because of your absence from Rome.

I shall but enigmatically hint the last thing I have to recommend to you. Your sagacity will enable you to understand me. My wife's freedman, you know whom I mean, from some incautious expressions he let fall, seems to have frustrated the advantages we hoped to have gained from the sale of Milo's goods. I am afraid you do not understand me; reflect upon it, and do not communicate it to any other. You shall hereafter more full decypher the sequel. I dare not at present to be so particular as I could be. Do not you, however, fail to write me as soon as possible, that your letters may meet me. I write this in the midst of my army in a rapid march. My compliments to Pilia, and your charming daughter Cæcilia.

XXXVII.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. VI. 5.)

I am very glad of your safe arrival at Rome, if indeed you be there, before this comes to your hand. For while you were in Epirus, you seemed to me, to be at a greater distance than if you had been at Rome: because I was kept more ignorant of what was doing both in my own affairs, and those of the public. I hope indeed that before this reaches you, I shall be a good way on my road to Rome; but, notwithstanding that, send me frequent and full accounts of all my affairs, especially of what I wrote to you before, namely, that I have for some time suspected, from the confused inconsistent talk of my wife's freedman, in several companies, that he has disap-

pointed our calculations respecting Milo's effects. Do you search into that with your usual sagacity, and the more for the following reason. According to the account which he gave Camillus in the city, on the seven hills, he owed me seventy-two minæ, twenty-four of the goods of Milo, and forty-eight of those from Chersonesus; and though he has drawn upon the estate in two different payments, twelve hundred and eighty minæ, yet he has not paid a farthing of my debt, though the whole of it has been now due since the 1st of February; as to his freedman, of the same name with Conon's father, he gives himself no trouble about the matter. In the first place, therefore, I beg that all this principal may be recovered, and that you likewise will take care of the interest from the day it becomes due. While I suffered him to be here, I was greatly upon my guard, for he came to sound me with the expectation of succeeding. But being disappointed, he abruptly departed saying, "I am going. It would be mean to stay longer here." He then upbraided me with reclaiming what he compelled me to accept.

Let us now see what measures we ought to take in other matters. Though according to my calculation, the year of my government is expired all but thirty-three days; yet the troublesome business of it grows upon my hands. For while Syria seemed to be on the eve of a war, and Bibulus, oppressed as he was, with his own grievances, was making the necessary preparations to repel it; his deputies, and his other friends, requested me by letters, to come to his assistance. Now, though my army was at that time weak, I was indeed pretty strong in auxiliaries, though the flower of them were drawn from Galatia, Pisidia and Lycia; yet I thought it my duty while I continued governor of this province, to march my army, as near as possible, to the enemy.

But what gave me the greatest pleasure was, that Bibulus did not trouble me, but rather chose to write to me on other subjects, and thus the day of my departure insensibly steals upon me. When it comes, I have another difficulty to discuss. Whom shall I leave as my deputy? for I hear nothing certain as yet of the arrival of the questor Cælius. I thought to have made this

letter longer, but I am destitute of matter to fill it up, and I am too busy to indulge in humour. Farewel then, and make my compliments to your little Athenian and my dear Pilia.

XXXVIII.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. VI. 8.)

When I had proposed to write to you, and had my pen in hand for that purpose, Battonius came directly from his ship to my house at Ephesus, and gave me your letter on the last of September. I was greatly pleased with the agreeableness of your voyage, of your fortunate rencounter with Pilia, and to say the truth, with her discourse of my charming Tullia's marriage. As to Battonius, his accounts concerning Cæsar were alarming and dreadful; he said more in company with Lepta; but his representation, as being horrible, is, I hope, exaggerated. He said that Cæsar refused, by any means, to disband his army; that he was backed by the prætors elect, by Cassius, a tribune of the commons, and by the consul Lentulus, and that Pompey had thoughts of leaving Rome. But, my friend, are you not sensibly concerned for the disappointment of the man, who used to prefer himself, to the uncle of your sister's son?—By what men has he been baffled!

But as to my own concerns, I have been long detained by the Etesian winds; and the flat-bottomed Rhodian boats, have retarded me at least twenty days. On the 1st of October, as I was going on board at Ephesus I gave this letter to Lucius Tarquitius, who was sailing out of the harbor with me at the same time, but was carried by a swifter vessel, while I, in a Rhodian craft, with other narrow vessels, was obliged to wait for fairer weather, and yet I make as much haste as is possible with such conveyances. I feel obliged for your attention to the small debt due to me at Puzzoli.

Advert now to the affairs of Rome. Let me know what is your opinion concerning the right I have to a triumph, which I am importuned by my friends to demand. For my own part, I should be rather indifferent about it, did not Bibulus claim that honor, though he

lived in Syria, as if he were a stranger in that country, and kept as close at home, as he did when he was consul. If he seek a triumph, surely I might with propriety urge my claim; and now my silence would be dishonourable. But weigh the whole matter, that, when we meet, we may be able to come to some resolution. I need say no more, since I myself am making all the haste I can to see you, and even the bearer of this cannot be long, if at all, with you before me. My son sends you many compliments, and both of us desire to be remembered to your wife and daughter.

XXXIX.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. VI. 9.)

Just as I landed at Piræus on the 6th of October, your letter was put into my hand by my slave Acastus. As I had been long anxious to hear from you, I was surprised to find no more than a note sealed up in the form of a letter, but when I opened it, I was more surprised to find your elegant, distinct writing, changed into a blotted confused scrawl. Your brief account intimated to me that you had come to Rome with a fever upon you the 19th of September. I was, as well I might, dreadfully alarmed; I instantly inquired of Acastus, who told me, that both he and you thought you in no danger, and that he was confirmed in this opinion by your domestics. This seemed to accord with what you write in the close of your letter, that your fever had not then quite left you. But how endearing, how wonderful was it to me that notwithstanding your indisposition, you wrote to me with your own hand! But no more of this; for by what I gathered from Acastus, I am in hopes, nay I am persuaded, considering your caution and temperance, that you are now fully recovered.

I am glad you received the letter I sent you by Turannius. Keep a close eye, as you love me, upon that fellow, whose name well expresses his qualities. Take care he does not touch the effects bequeathed to me, however little their value, by Præcius, whose death gives me great concern, because I much esteemed him when living. You may tell him I shall have occasion for the

money to defray the expense of my triumph, and that you know I will follow your advice in neither being too vain in courting, nor too indolent in rejecting, that honor. I understand by your letters, that Turannius acquainted you I had delivered up my province to my brother. Have I then been so blind to the caution expressed in your letters? You write that you hesitated. What could give you a moment's hesitation, had there been any reason for resigning the government to my brother, and such a brother too—Your hesitation, therefore, I regarded as a disappointment. You hint concerning the younger Cicero, that I should by no means leave him behind me, which is the very thought that came into my own mind. In every thing else we agree in our sentiments, as exactly as if we had previously concerted them. I had no other course to pursue, and your doubts soon put an end to mine, because yours were of much longer continuance. But I suppose you have received a more particular letter upon this subject.

To-morrow I will send couriers to you, who I think will reach you before our friend Saufeius can, whom I have charged with a letter, only because I thought it did not look well for him not to carry one from me, when he was to see you. Write me, as you promise, concerning my beloved daughter, I mean concerning her husband; concerning the government, which I perceive to be in great danger; concerning the censors, particularly whether there be any truth in the report of bringing in a bill about statues and pictures. I write this letter on the 15th of October, on which day you tell me that Cæsar is to enter Placentia, at the head of four legions. If so, what will become of us? I now think myself safe in being lodged in the citadel of Athens.

XL.—CICERO AND HIS SON TO TRIO, on his way to ROME. (Fam. XVI. 9.)

I left you, as you know, November 2. I arrived at Leucas November 6, and the next day at Actium. There I was delayed until November 8 on account of the bad weather. Thence we had a fine passage to

Corcyra, November 9. November 17 I went 120 stadia into the harbour of the Corcyreans at Cassiope; there I was detained by the winds until November 23. Meanwhile many who had embarked in their impatience suffered shipwreck. After supper on that day we set sail; thence with a gentle south wind, under a calm sky, after a sail of the night and the next day, we arrived safely in Italy at Hydrus, and with the same wind the next day, November 25, at the fourth hour we came to Brundisium. At the same time Terentia, who thinks so much of you, came into the town. November 27, the slave of Cnaus Plancius gave me at Brundisium the letter which I had been looking for from you for some time, written November 15. The letter relieved my anxiety greatly; I wish it had removed it altogether. But yet the physician Asclapo assures me that you will soon be well. Now, why should I urge you to observe all care to regain your health? I know your prudence, moderation, and love toward me; I know you will do everything to be with me as soon as possible; yet I hope that you will not be rash. I wish you had excused yourself from going to Lyso's concert, so as to have avoided the twenty-eighth day; but since you preferred to consider your politeness rather than your health, take care for the future. I have written to Curius to see that the physician has his due and to give you whatever you need; telling him that I will take care for any one he commissions. I left for you at Brundisium a horse and a mule. I fear that there may be great disturbance after January 1. I shall act calmly. It remains for me to ask and beg you not to set sail rashly—sailors are accustomed to hasten for the sake of their own business—be cautious, dear Tiro, a sea of great extent which is difficult to cross lies before you—if you can, come with Mescinius—he is used to sailing carefully—if not, with some distinguished man by whose authority the ship-owner may be moved. In this matter, if you will apply all care and bring yourself safe to me, I shall be satisfied with you. Again and again, dear Tiro, farewell. I have most carefully written about you to the physician, and Curius and Lyso.

XLI.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. VII. 17.)

Your letter was to me both kind and gratifying. I thought of sending the boys into Greece at that time, when I perceived arrangements were making for abandoning Italy. As to myself I should have gone to Spain, though that would not have been so convenient for the young men as for me. So far as I can judge, both you and Peducens may now remain at Rome without molestation. For Cæsar has no reason to suspect you to be attached to the interests of our friend Pompey, who has left the city in a more defenceless state than was ever done by any other general. I cannot help still being sarcastic. Now you doubtless know the answer which Pompey sent to Cæsar by Lucius Cæsar, and the letter he sent him by the same hand, for they were written and delivered with a view of making them public. I have blamed Pompey in my own mind, as he himself has a very perspicuous style, for employing our friend, Sextius, in drawing up a writing of so great importance, especially as it is to be made public; nor, to say the truth, did I ever see anything more in the style of Sextius. But from Pompey's letter it is plain, that Cæsar has been denied nothing, that he has obtained all, and more than he demanded; and, as he has obtained his demands, impudent as they are, he would be the worst of madmen should he break off the accommodation. For what right had he or you, or any man to say I will do so and so, if Pompey will go to Spain, and if he will withdraw his troops from Italy? Yet even this has been complied with, though I own the compliance does not come with so good a grace, after the government has been attacked, and hostilities commenced, as it would have done before, when he demanded the dispensation with his absence, while he stood for the consulate. After all, I am apprehensive, that even those terms will not satisfy him. It was no good symptom that he continued his operations during the discussion of the treaty, which he committed to Lucius Cæsar, and before he had any answer. At present, he is said to proceed more violently than ever.

Trebatius indeed writes me, that, on the 22nd of January, Cæsar charged him to let me know by a letter, that he would take it as the highest favour if I would return to Rome, for such is the substance of his letter, which is very long; I understood, by what I could learn of every day's proceedings, that, from the moment Cæsar heard of our departure from Rome, he began to use his endeavours to induce the men of consular rank to return. I have there no doubt of his having written to Piso and to Servius. I am surprised at one thing, that he has neither written to me himself, nor employed Dolabella or Cælius to treat with me. I am however far from disregarding the letter of Trebatius, who I know to have a sincere regard for me; for I returned him an answer (as I had no mind to write to Cæsar, without his first writing to me) showing him that what he requested was next to impracticable at this juncture, but that I lived on my own farms, and concerned myself neither with public levies nor public business. The truth is, I intend to continue in this situation, till all hopes of peace are over. But should the war continue, I will begin by conveying our boys to Greece, and then I will act with a spirit suitable to my duty and dignity; for I hear that all Italy will soon be involved in the flames of war. Such calamities are brought upon us partly by profligate, and partly by envious, citizens. But we shall know what tarn affairs will take in a few days, when we receive Cæsar's reply to our answer. If the issue should be war, I will write you more fully, and if a cessation of arms, I hope to see you in person.

On the 2nd of February, I write this letter from Formiæ, having come hither from Capua to meet the ladies. It is true, that upon the strength of your information, I had written them not to leave Rome: But I understand that the panic is increased in the city. On the 5th instant I am to be at Capua, by order of the consuls. Whatever news Pompey shall bring us, I will instantly impart it to you by letter. Meanwhile, I am impatient to know your sentiments upon all these matters.

XLII.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. VII. 20.)

The occasion requires but a few words. I despair of peace. We are unprovided for war. You cannot imagine two more despicable creatures than our consuls. After coming, as I was ordered, to Capua, through a deluge of rain upon the 4th instant, in hopes of hearing and witnessing our preparations, they were not come here; and when they do come, they will come unprovided and unprepared. As to Pompey, he is said to be at Luceria, to put himself at the head of some cohorts of Atticus's legions, who are thought to be wavering. We are told, that Cæsar proceeds in a very rapid manner, and that he is advancing apace, not with an intention to fight, (for he has no body to fight with) but to cut off our retreat. For my own part, I am determined (nor will I consult even you upon that matter) even to die with Pompey in Italy. But should he leave it, what am I to do? The approaching winter, the incumbrance of my lictors, the indolence and oversight of our generals, are so many arguments for my staying behind. My motives, on the other hand, for flying, are, my friendship for Pompey, the cause of my country, and the shame of following a tyrant, who leaves us at a loss to conclude whether he will propose Phalaris or Pisistratus as the model of his conduct. I beg you to extricate me by your advice out of this labyrinth. I know, you are at a loss how to proceed yourself; but still give me what counsel you can. If to-day I hear any thing new, you shall know it, for the consuls will surely be here by the fifth, it being a day of their own appointment. You will write me an answer to this when it is convenient. I have left the ladies and the young gentlemen at Formiæ.

XLIII.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. VIII. 4.)

Dionysius, your friend rather than mine, about whom, after sufficient discovery of his character, I yet relied on your judgment more than on my own, paying no regard even to the testimony which you had often given me on his behalf, has shown himself arrogant in view

of what he expected would be my circumstances; these, however, as far as can be done by human management, I will control and direct rationally. What honor, what attention, what commendation to others of this despicable man has he ever been at a loss for from me? How I preferred that my judgment should be censured by my brother Quintus and publicly by all, rather than that he should not be praised, and that our two Ciceros should be taught in part by my labor rather than for me to seek another master for them. What letters, immortal gods, I did write! How full of honor, of love! You would say that I were summoning Dicaearchus or Aristoxenus, and not a man most loquacious and least fitted to teach. "But he has a good memory." He shall say I have a better. He answered my letters in a way that I never used to any one whose cause I was refusing to undertake; for always I said, "If I can, unless I shall hinder the cause already undertaken." Never did I refuse any accused man, however humble, guilty, or unfriendly, in such a positive way as this man who flatly refused me. I never knew anything more ungrateful, a quality in which there is no lack of wickedness. But too much of this. I have made ready a ship; I yet await a letter from you, that I may know what they reply to my inquiry for advice. You know that at Sulmo Caius Atrius Paelignus threw open the gates to Antony, though there were five cohorts, and Quintus Lucretius fled and Cnæus went to Brundisium, deserted. The affair is over.

XLIV.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. VIII. 5.)

After I despatched a letter to you before light January 25, at evening on that same day came Dionysius himself, urged by your authority, as I think; for what else can I think? Although he usually is sorry when he has done anything in a passion. Never was he more frantic than in this affair; for what I did not write you, I heard afterwards he went three miles, "angrily tossing many things into the air with his horns," I say he said many evil things, which may reflect on his own

head, as they say. But what clemency was mine! I tied into a package with your letter a strongly expressed one from me; this I wish returned to me, and for nothing else I sent Pollices, my lackey, to Rome. Moreover, on this account I have written you, that if by chance it should be delivered to you, you may take care to send it back to me, that it may not get into his hands. If there were any news, I should have written. I am anxious in mind on account of the movement at Corfinium on which depends the decision about the state's safety. I wish you would take care that the package which is addressed to Manius Curius be delivered to him, and recommend Tiro to Curius, that he may pay for him as I requested whatever expenses he has.

NLV.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. IX. 2.)

Though I looked for a long letter from you, on the 7th of March, which, if I mistake not, is the day of your confinement, yet I write this in answer to the short line which you wrote me the 5th, some time before your fit. You tell me you are very well pleased at my remaining in Italy, and you continue still in your former sentiments. Now I understood, from your former letters, that you were positive as to my sailing, if Pompey should carry any considerable force out of Italy, and if the consuls should attend him. Can this be owing to your forgetfulness, to my misunderstanding, or to a change in your opinion? But I shall either know your real meaning, by the letter which I expect from you, or learn it by a subsequent one.

We have yet no news from Brundisium. How difficult, how desperate, is my situation? How very minute you are in laying its particulars before me; but how vague in explaining your sentiments as to the conduct I ought to follow? You compliment me upon my not going along with Pompey, and yet you hold forth the disgrace of being present in the Senate, where I could not, with decency, approve of any measures which shall be proposed against him. Then surely I must throw myself into the opposition. May heaven, say you, guide you.

What then can be done if the one measure is attended with guilt, and the other with punishment. You will obtain, say you, from Cæsar, a liberty to be absent, and to live at your ease. Must I then petition him for such a liberty? How wretched! What if I should not obtain it.—

You will tell me likewise, that I shall thereby preserve my claims to a triumph. But, what if Cæsar should press me to accept of it. Shall I accept of it? That would be disgraceful. Shall I refuse it? He will then think that I have an aversion for all he does, more than he formerly did in the case of the twenty commissioners. In exculpating himself, he usually throws on me all the errors of those times, and tells me, that I had such an aversion to him, that I would not even accept of a place of honour under him. But how much more will he now be exasperated as the honour of a triumph is more glorious, and he himself more powerful.

You tell me, that you make no doubt that I am out of all favour, with Pompey, at this time. I can see no reason for that, at least, if we consider circumstances. After he had lost Corfinium, he imparted to me his resolution; and will he blame me, for not coming to Brundisium, though Cæsar lay between me and that town? In the next place, he is conscious that it very ill becomes him who is so much in the wrong to reproach others, and he knows that I saw farther, than he did, into the weak state of the municipal towns and the newly raised armies; that I was right on the advice I gave on the subjects of accommodation, the city, the public money, and gaining the possession of Picenum. But if, when I am at liberty, I should not attend him, then is his time for being my enemy. That, however, would give me no pain on account of what I might suffer. For what evil is it in his power to do me?

He can have no slavish fear of man, who stands not in fear of death.

But the charge of ingratitude fills me with horror. I therefore hope that, as you write, he will gladly receive me, whenever I shall determine to join him.

You tell me, that you would be more cautious in giv-

ing me advice, if Cæsar should proceed with moderation. But how can he proceed otherwise than in a desperate manner? Think upon his life, his manners, his past conduct, his present proceedings, his associates, and how he will be exasperated by the power, and even by the inflexibility, of our patriots.

Scarcely had I read your letter, when Posthumus Curtius came to me, in great haste, on his way to Cæsar, with nothing on his tongue, but the victories of Cæsar by land and sea.—Cæsar has conquered Spain, he possesses Asia, Sicily, Africa, and Sardinia, and now he is pursuing his enemies into Greece.—If this is true, and should I follow Pompey, it would not be to assist him in fighting, but in flying. And indeed I cannot bear the talk of those—what shall I call them?—For surely they are not patriots, as they affect to be called. And yet I cannot help being curious to know what they say, and I beg you, in the most earnest manner, to learn what it is, and to inform me of it. As yet, I am an absolute stranger to what has happened at Brundisium. I shall be determined by that event, and the circumstance of the time. But I will do nothing without consulting you.

XLVI.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. X. 17.)

Hortensius paid me a visit on the 14th, after my last letter was written; I wish that he had acted on other occasions as he does at this time. How strong were his assurances that he would serve me, and I design to take him at his word. Serapio afterwards came with your letter, and before I opened it, I told him what was true, that you had written to me concerning him. After reading your letter, I entertained him greatly to his satisfaction, and indeed I approve of the man, for he appears to me to be both learned and virtuous. I have even some thought of using his ship, and to engage him as a fellow-passenger. The disorder in my eyes recurs very often, and though it is not excessively painful, yet it prevents me from writing with my own hand. I am extremely glad that you are quite recovered from your old complaint, and that you have no fresh symptoms of

it. I wish I had Ocella here, for the measures I propose, appear to be pretty practicable. We are retarded by the Equinoctial winds, which, at present, are very boisterous. When the mild season returns, my wish is, that Hortensius may remain in his favourable disposition with regard to me; for as to his behaviour hitherto, nothing could be more like that of a gentleman.

As to the passport, you appear amazed, as if I had accused you of some gross crime. You tell me, that you cannot conceive how such a thing could come into my mind. With regard to myself, as you had written me that you intended to go abroad, and as you had taken out a passport for your retinue, I thought you might have taken out one for yourself, having heard that no body could leave Italy without a passport. You have now the ground of my opinion; and yet I wish to know what you intend to do, and above all things, write me if there is any thing new. Dated the 16th of May.

XLVII.—TO ATTICUS, in ROME. (Att. X. 18.)

My daughter was brought to bed in her seventh month, on the 19th of May, of a boy, and I have the pleasure to inform you, that she is in the way of recovery, but the child is very weakly. The dead calms that have happened, have detained and hindered me more than the guards, who watch me, have done. All the promises Hortensius made me, are come to nothing. I therefore look on him as a very unprincipled man. His freedman, Salvius, has biased him. Therefore what I write you afterwards, shall not inform you of what I intended to do, but what I have done; for I seem to be surrounded by the Coryceans.

I beg you, however, to continue to write to me what news you hear from Spain, or from any other quarter, without expecting a letter from me before I arrive at my wished-for harbour, unless I shall write to you when I am on my voyage. But even that shall be with great caution. For hitherto all is heavy and dark. My first movements have been wrong, and so must the rest be of course. I am now bound for Formiæ, and perhaps the

furies of ambition, will follow me thither likewise. But from what passed between you and Balbus, I have laid aside all thoughts of retiring to Malta. Are you still in doubt that Cæsar looks upon me as one of his enemies? I have written to Balbus that your letter informed me of his kindness, and of the suspicion I am under. I have thanked him for the former; do you clear me with him as to the latter. Did you ever know a man so wretched as I am? I will add no more, lest I should give you pain likewise; I am myself tormented, that the time is come when I can do nothing that is either brave or prudent.

XLVIII.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XI. 9.)

I received your sealed parcel from Anteros, but it gave me no kind of information as to my domestic affairs, which renders me the more sensible as the person who managed them is not at Rome, nor do I know where he is. Therefore all my hopes of keeping my credit, and retrieving my private affairs, must rest on your kindness, which I have so much reason to be convinced of. Should you continue to afford me that, at this critical season, which is so full of misery and distress, I can bear with the greater courage all those dangers which are in common to me with others. I therefore implore and beseech the continuance of your friendship. I have in Asiatic coin two million two hundred thousand sesterces. By getting that money exchanged for the coin current in our country, you may easily support my credit. If I had not confided in a man whom you long ago mistrusted, that my credit was unquestionable when I left Italy, I should have taken some more time, and not have left my affairs in such disorder; and the reason, why I have been so long in writing to you is, because I have but lately learnt the confusion they are in. I conjure you in the most earnest manner, to take upon yourself the whole weight of maintaining my credit. So, that if the party to which I am joined should be successful, I may be restored with them to all my honours, and may have an opportunity to own, that for that enjoy-

ment I am obliged to your friendship.

XLIX.—TO PÆTUS. (Fam. IX. 16.)

Your letter afforded me a very agreeable instance of your friendship, in the concern it expressed lest I should be uneasy at the report which had been brought hither by Silius. I was before, indeed, perfectly sensible how much you were disturbed at this circumstance, by your care in sending me duplicates of a former letter upon the same subject; and I then returned such an answer as I thought would be sufficient to abate, at least, if not entirely remove, this your generous solicitude. But since I perceive, by your last letter, how much this affair still dwells upon your mind, let me assure you, my dear Pætus, that I have employed every artifice (for we must now, my friend, be armed with cunning as well as prudence) to conciliate the good graces of the persons you mention; and, if I mistake not, my endeavours have not proved in vain. I receive, indeed, so many marks of respect and esteem from those who are most in Cæsar's favour, that I cannot but flatter myself they have a true regard for me. It must be confessed, at the same time, that a pretended affection is not easily discernible from a real one, unless in seasons of distress. For adversity is to friendship, what fire is to gold, the only infallible test to discover the genuine from the counterfeit: in all other circumstances, they both bear the same common signatures. I have one strong reason, however, to persuade me of their sincerity; as neither their situation nor mine can by any means tempt them to dissemble with me. As to that person in whom all power is now centered, I am not sensible that I have any thing to fear from him; or nothing more, at least, than what arises from that general precarious state in which all things must stand where the fence of laws is broken down; and, from its being impossible to pronounce with assurance concerning any event which depends wholly upon the will, not to say the caprice, of another. But this I can with confidence, affirm, that I have not, in any single instance, given him just occasion to take offence;

and, in the article you point out, I have been particularly cautious. There was a time, 'tis true, when I thought it well became me, by whom Rome itself was free, to speak my sentiments with freedom; but now that our liberties are no more, I deem it equally agreeable to my present situation, not to say any thing that may disgust either Cæsar or his favourites. But were I to suppress every rising raillery, that might pique those at whom it is directed, I must renounce, you know, all my reputation as a wit. And, in good earnest, it is a character upon which I do not set so high a value, as to be unwilling to resign it, if it were in my power. However, I am in no danger of suffering in Cæsar's opinion, by being represented as the author of any sarcasms to which I have no claim: for his judgment is much too penetrating ever to be deceived by any imposition of this nature. I remember your brother Servius, whom I look upon to have been one of the most learned critics that this age has produced, was so conversant in the writings of our poets, and had acquired such an excellent and judicious ear, that he could immediately distinguish the numbers of Plautus from those of any other author. Thus Cæsar, I am told, when he made his large collection of apophthegms, constantly rejected any piece of wit that was brought to him as mine, if it happened to be spurious: a distinction which he is much more able to make at present, as his particular friends pass almost every day of their lives in my company. As our conversation generally turns upon a variety of subjects, I frequently strike out thoughts which they look upon as not altogether void, perhaps, of spirit or ingenuity. Now these little sallies of pleasantry, together with the general occurrences of Rome, are constantly transmitted to Cæsar, in pursuance of his own express directions; so that if any thing of this kind is mentioned by others as coming from me, he always disregards it. You see, then, that the lines you quote with so much propriety from the tragedy of Oenomaus, contain a caution altogether unnecessary. For tell me, my friend, what jealousies can I possibly create? Or who will look with envy upon a man in my humble situation? But granting that I

were in ever so enviable a state; yet let me observe, that it is the opinion of those philosophers, who alone seem to have understood the true nature of virtue, that a good man is answerable for nothing farther than his own innocence. Now in this respect I think myself doubly irreproachable: in the first place, by having recommended such public measures as were for the interest of the commonwealth; and in the next, that, finding I was not sufficiently supported to render my counsels effectual, I did not deem it advisable to contend for them by arms against a superior strength. Most certainly, therefore, I cannot justly be accused of having failed in the duty of a good citizen. The only part then that now remains for me, is to be cautious not to expose myself, by any indiscreet word or action, to the resentment of those in power: a part which I hold likewise to be agreeable to the character of true wisdom. As to the rest; what liberties any man may take in imputing words to me which I never spoke; what credit Cæsar may give to such reports; and how far those who court my friendship, are really sincere: these are points for which it is by no means in my power to be answerable. My tranquillity arises therefore from the conscious integrity of my counsels in the times that are past, and from the moderation of my conduct in these that are present. Accordingly, I apply the simile you quote from Accius, not only to Envy, but to Fortune: that weak and inconstant power, whom every wise and resolute mind should resist with as much firmness as a rock repels the waves. Grecian story will abundantly supply examples of the greatest men, both at Athens and Syracuse, who have, in some sort, preserved their independency, amidst the general servitude of their respective communities. May I not hope then to be able so to comport myself, under the same circumstances, as neither to give offence to our rulers, on the one hand, nor to injure the dignity of my character on the other.

But to turn from the serious to the jocose part of your letter.—The strain of pleasantry you break into, immediately after having quoted the tragedy of Oenomaus, puts me in mind of the modern method of intro-

ducing at the end of those graver dramatic pieces, the humour of our mimes, instead of the old Atellan farces. Why else do you talk of your paltry polypus, and your mouldy cheese? In pure good-nature, it is true, I formerly submitted to sit down with you to such homely fare: but more refined company has improved me into a better taste. For Hirtius and Dolabella, let me tell you, are my preceptors in the science of the table: as, in return, they are my disciples in that of the bar. But I suppose you have already heard, at least if all the town-news is transmitted to you, that they frequently disclaim at my house, and that I as often sup at theirs. You must not, however, hope to escape my intended visit, by pleading poverty in bar to the admission of so luxurious a guest. Whilst you were raising a fortune, indeed, I bore with your parsimonious humour: but now that you are in circumstances to support the loss of half your wealth, I expect that you receive me in another manner than you would one of your compounding debtors. And though your finances may somewhat suffer by my visit, remember it is better they should be impaired by treating a friend, than by lending to a stranger. I do not insist, however, that you spread your table with so unbounded a profusion, as to furnish out a splendid treat with the remains: I am so wonderfully moderate, as to desire nothing more than what is perfectly elegant and exquisite in its kind. I remember to have heard you describe an entertainment, which was given by Phameas. Let yours be the exact copy of his: only I should be glad not to wait for it quite so long. Should you still persist, after all, to invite me, as usual, to a penurious supper, dished out by the sparing hand of maternal œconomy; even this, perhaps, I may be able to support. But I would fain see that hero bold who should dare to set before me the villainous trash you mention; or even one of your boasted polypusses, with an hue as florid as verimilioned Jove. Take my word for it, my friend, your prudence will not suffer you to be thus adventurous. Fame, no doubt, will have proclaimed at your villa my late conversion to luxury, long before my arrival: and you will shiver at the sound of

her tremendous report. Nor must you flatter yourself with the hope of abating the edge of my appetite by your cloying sweet-wines before supper: a silly custom which I have now entirely renounced; being much wiser than when I used to damp my stomach with your antepasts of olives and Lencanian sausages.—But not to run on any longer in this jocose strain: my only serious wish is, that I may be able to make you a visit. You may compose your countenance, therefore, and return to your mouldy cheese in full security: for my being your guest will occasion you, as usual, no other expence than that of heating your baths. As for all the rest, you are to look upon it as mere pleasantry.

The trouble you have given yourself about Selicius's villa, is extremely obliging: as your description of it was excessively droll. I believe, therefore, from the account you give me, I shall renounce all thoughts of making that purchase: for though the country, it seems, abounds in salt, the neighbourhood, I find, is but insipid. Farewel.

L.—TO PÆTUS. (Fam. IX. 18.)

Your very agreeable letter found me wholly disengaged at my Tusculan villa. I retired hither during the absence of my pupils, whom I have sent to meet their victorious friend, in order to conciliate his good graces in my favour.

As Dionysius the tyrant, after he was expelled from Syracuse, opened a school, it is said, at Corinth; in the same manner, being driven from my dominions in the forum, I have erected a sort of academy in my own house: and I perceive, by your letter, that you approve the scheme. I have many reasons for approving it too, and principally as it affords me what is highly expedient in the present conjuncture, a means of establishing an interest with those in whose friendship I may find a protection. How far my intentions in this respect may be answered, I know not: I can only say, that I have hitherto had no reason to prefer the different measures which others of the same party with myself have pur-

sued; unless, perhaps, it would have been more eligible not to have survived the ruin of our cause. It would so, I confess, had I died either in the camp, or in the field: but the former did not happen to be my fate; and, as to the latter, I never was engaged in any action. But the inglorious manner in which Pompey, together with Scipio, Afranius, and your friend Lentulus, severally lost their lives, will scarcely, I suppose, be thought a more desirable lot. As to Cato's death, it must be acknowledged to have been truly noble: and I can still follow his example, whenever I shall be so disposed. Let me only endeavour, as in fact I do, not to be compelled to it by the same necessity: and this is my first reason for engaging in my present scheme. My next is, that I find it an advantage, not only to my health, which began to be impaired by the intermission of exercises of this kind, but also to my oratorical talents, if any I ever possessed: which would have totally lost their vigour, if I had not had recourse to this method of keeping them in play. The last benefit I shall mention (and the principal one, I dare say, in your estimation) is, that it has introduced me to the demolishing of a greater number of delicious peacocks, than you have had the devouring of paltry pigeons in all your life. The truth of it is, whilst you are humbly sipping the meagre broths of the sneaking Aterius, I am luxuriously regaling myself with the savoury soups of the magnificent Hirtius. If you have any spirit, then, fly hither, and learn, from our elegant bills of fare, how to refine your own: though, to do your talents justice, this is a sort of knowledge in which you are much superior to our instructions. However, since you can get no purchasers for your mortgages, and are not likely to fill those pitchers you mention with denarii, it will be your wisest scheme to return hither: for it is a better thing, let me tell you, to be sick with good eating at Rome, than for want of victuals at Naples. In short, I plainly perceive that your finances are in no flourishing situation, and I expect to hear the same account of all your neighbours: so that famine, my friend, most formidable famine must be your fate, if you do not provide against it in due time. And since you

have been reduced to sell your horse, e'en mount your mule (the only animal, it seems, belonging to you which you have not yet sacrificed to your table) and convey yourself immediately to Rome. To encourage you to do so, you shall be honoured with a chair and cushion next to mine; and sit the second great pedagogue in my celebrated school. Farewel.

LI.—TO ATTICUS. (Att.XII. 6.)

I beg you will take care, that there is not too much alloy in the gold of Cælius. I am no judge of such matters, but surely, the exchange has been sufficiently to my disadvantage, and should I be imposed by this gold—But, what am I talking; I leave all to you. The following is the abrupt and unconnected stile of Hege-sias, which Varro so much commends. "Now, as to Tyrannio,—is it so?—Sure, it cannot be—What without me!—After I who had so much time upon my hand, so often refused to read his book without you." How will you answer to me, for what you have done? There is but one way, and that is, by sending me the book, which I earnestly entreat you will do. And yet I shall not have greater pleasure in the book than I have had in knowing that you admire it. For, I love in literature as in government, everything that is favorable to the people, and I am glad that you have had such pleasure in an essay on so uninteresting a subject. Yet that has been always your way. You pant for knowledge, the only food of the mind. But let me know what service those observations, either acute or serious, can be to me, in my treatise concerning the final good? But this will be too long to be included in a letter, and, perhaps, you are even now busied in some concern of mine; and for the exquisite entertainment which you had in my little garden, you shall repay me with all that is refined, and all that is useful on this subject. But to return where I left off. If you love me, send me Tyrannio's book. It is now your property, because he has presented it to you.

What have you, a man of business, so much leisure, as to be able even to read my Orator? Go on, I take it

kindly, and will take it more kindly, if you will order your transcribers to insert, not only in your copies, but in those of others, the name of Aristophanes for that of Eupolis. Cæsar seems to me to ridicule your petition, which was expressed in a language elegant and polite. He desired you, however, not to make yourself uneasy; and that, in such a manner, as left me no room to doubt of his favorable intention for you. I am sorry your daughter's illness continues so long; but as she has now no shivering, I hope she will soon recover.

LII.—TO PÆTUS. (Fam. IX. 19.)

Your satirical humour, I find, has not yet forsaken you: and I perfectly well understand your raillery, when you gravely tell me that Balbus contented himself with your humble fare. You insinuate, I suppose, that since these our sovereign rulers are thus wonderfully temperate, much more does it become a discarded consular to practice the same abstemiousness. But do you know, my friend; that I have artfully drawn from Balbus himself, the whole history of the reception you gave him? He came directly to my house the moment he arrived in Rome: a circumstance, by the way, somewhat extraordinary. Not that I am surprised at his wanting the politeness to call first at yours; but my wonder is, that he should not go directly to his own. However, after the two or three first salutations had passed, I immediately inquired what account he had to give of my friend Pætus? "Never, he protested, was he better entertained in his whole life." Now, if you merited this compliment by your wit, I desire you to remember, that I shall bring as elegant a taste with me as Balbus himself: but if he alluded to the honours of your table, let it never be said, that the family of the stammerers were more splendidly regaled by Pætus, than the sons of elocution.

Business has prevented me, from time to time, in my design of paying you a visit: but if I can dispatch my affairs so as to be able to come into your part of the world, I shall take care that you shall have no reason

to complain of my not having given you timely notice. Farewel.

LIII.—TO PÆTUS. (Fam. IX. 20.)

I was doubly pleased with your letter, both because I myself laughed at it, and because I know you can laugh; moreover, I was not angry that, like the clown of the troop, I was the butt of your severity. I am sorry that I could not come into your part of the country, as I had determined; for you would have had not a stranger, but a boon companion. But what a man! Not the one whom you used to satisfy with the relish; I bring a hearty appetite to the eggs; and so my attention is bestowed even to the roast veal. Those old habits of mine are gone which you used to praise:—"He is a man easy to entertain! A guest not hard to suit!" For I have thrown aside all my care for the republic, my thought of expressing my opinions in the Senate, my careful preparation of cases, and I have thrown myself into the camp of Epicurus, my opponent; not, however, with a view to immoderate indulgence here, but to that elegance of yours, your elegance, I mean, of the time when you had as much as you wanted to spend, though you never had more farms than now. So make ready; for you are to entertain a man with an enormous appetite, who now knows something of elegance; besides, you know how haughty men are who learn late; you must forget all about your little fruit-baskets and wine-cakes. Now I am so far a proficient, that I venture to invite your friends Verrins and Camillus—men of such elegance! such refinement! But see my boldness. Moreover, I gave a feast to Hirtius, yet without a peacock; but at this banquet my cook could not imitate anything except a hot soup. This is now my life: In the morning I receive at home many excellent but saddened men, and those happy victors who treat me with great marks of civility and esteem. After the reception is over, I devote myself to letters and either write or read. There even come some who listen to me as if to a learned man, since I am a little more

learned than they. Then all my time is given to my physical interests. I have now mourned my country more deeply and longer than any mother for an only son. But if you love me, take care of your health, that I may not eat up your good things while you lie ill; for I have determined not to spare you even if you are ill.

LIV.—TO PÆTUS. (Fam. IX. 26.)

I write this letter in great haste upon my tablets, in the midst of an entertainment at the house of Voluminus. We lay down about the ninth hour: and I am placed with your friends Atticus on my right hand, and Verrius on my left. You will wonder to find that I can pass my time thus jovially in the midst of servitude. Yet, tell me, my friend, you who are the disciple of a philosopher, what else should I do? And to what purpose should I torment myself with endless disquietudes? "Spend your days," you will, probably, reply, "in literary occupations." But can you imagine I have any other? or that, without them, my very being would not be utterly insupportable? However, though employments of this kind cannot satiate, there is a certain time, nevertheless, when it is proper to lay them aside. Now at such intervals, though a party at supper is not altogether a point of so much importance to me, as it was to you, when you made it the single subject of your arch query to the philosopher; yet I know not in what manner I can more agreeably dispose of myself till the hour of sleep. But I was going to name the rest of our company and to tell you that Cytheris is reclined at the left hand of Eutrapelus. You will be astonished, I suppose, to find your grave and philosophical friend in such society: and will be apt to cry out with the poet,

And is this he, the man so late renown'd?
Whom virtue honor'd, and whom glory crown'd:
This the fam'd chief, of every tongue the praise:
Of Greece the wonder, and of crowds the gaze:

The truth of the matter is, I had not the least suspicion

that this fair lady was to be of our party. However, I have the example of the Socratic Aristippus, to keep me in countenance: who, when he was reproached with having a commerce of gallantry with the Corinthian courtesan, 'tis true, replied the philosopher, (without being in the least disconcerted) I possess Lais: but Lais possesses not me. The expression is much stronger in the original; and I leave you, if you think proper, to render it in its full import. In the meantime let me assure you, that I never had any passion of this sort, even when I was a young fellow, and much less now that I am an old one. But my great delight is in these festive meetings, where I throw out just what comes uppermost, and laugh away the sighs and sorrows of my heart. Nor were you yourself in a more serious mood, my friend, when even a venerable philosopher could not escape your raillery; to whom when he was enquiring if the company had any questions to propose to him, you replied, with great gravity that "it had been a question with you the whole morning, where you should find a party to sup?" The formal pedant expected, perhaps, that you were going to ask him, whether there was one heaven only, or heavens innumerable; whereas it was at that time, it seems, much more your concern to be resolved in the humourous problem you proposed.

Thus you see in what manner I pass my time. I devote part of every day to reading or writing; after which, that I may not entirely seclude myself from the society of my friends, I generally sup in their parties. But upon these occasions I am so far from transgressing our sumptuary law, (if any law, alas! can now be said to subsist) that I do not even indulge myself to the full extent it allows. You need not be alarmed, therefore, at my intended visit: you will receive a guest who jokes much more abundantly than he eats. Farewel.

LV.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XII. 11.)

I am distressed about Seius; but all human troubles must be borne. Ourselves, why are we? Or how long

are we to bear these burdens? Let us look to those things which concern us more, and yet not much more; what we are to do about the Senate. And that I may not omit anything, Cæsonius has written to me that Postumia, the wife of Sulpicius, has come to his house. The daughter of Pompey the Great I wrote you that I am not now considering; I think you know that other one whom you write of; I never saw an uglier creature. But I am coming, and then can talk with you. After sealing the letter I received yours. I am glad to hear Attica is so cheerful; I feel for her indisposition.

LVI.—TO CASSIUS. (Fam. XV. 17.)

Surely, my friend, your couriers are a set of most unconscionable fellows. Not that they have given me any particular offence: but as they never bring me a letter when they arrive here, is it fair they should always press me for one when they return? It would be more convenient, however, if they would give me earlier notice and not make their demands in the very instant they are setting out. You must excuse me, therefore, (if an excuse I can want, who am so much more punctual a correspondent than yourself) should this letter prove no longer than my last; as you may be assured of receiving an ample detail of every thing in my next. But that my present epistle may not be wholly barren of news, I must inform you that Publius Sulla, the father, is dead. The occasion of this accident is variously reported: some say he was a martyr to his palate; and others, that he was murdered by highwaymen. The people, however, are perfectly indifferent as to the manner, since they are quite clear as to the fact: for certain it is, that the flames of his funeral pile have consumed him to ashes. And what though liberty herself, alas! perished with this paragon of patriots, you will bear the loss of him, I guess, with much philosophy. But Cæsar, 'tis thought, will be a real mourner, in the apprehension that his auctions will not now proceed so currently as usual. On the other hand, this event affords high satisfaction to Mindius Marcellus, and the essenced Attius.

who rejoice exceedingly in thus having gotten quit of a formidable antagonist.

We are in great expectation of the news from Spain, having, as yet, received no certain intelligence from that quarter. Some flying reports, indeed, have been spread, that things do not go well there: but they are reports without authority.

Our friend Pansa set out for his government on the 30th of December. The circumstances that attended his departure afforded a very strong proof that "virtue is eligible on its own account:" a truth which you have lately, it seems, begun to doubt. The singular humanity with which he has relieved such numbers in these times of public distress, drew after him in a very distinguished manner, the general good wishes of every honest man.

I am extremely glad to find that you are still at Brundisium: and I much approve of your continuing there. You cannot be governed by a more judicious maxim than, to sit loose to the vain ambition of the world: and it will be a great satisfaction to all your friends to hear that you persevere in this prudent inactivity. In the mean time, I hope you will not forget me, when you send any letters to your family: as, on my own part, whenever I hear of any person that is going to you, I shall not fail to take the opportunity of writing. Farewel.

LVII.—TO CASSIUS. (Fam. XV. 16.)

I suppose you must be somewhat ashamed, now that this third epistle has come down upon you, before you have written a page or even a single letter in return. But I am not urgent, for I will wait for a longer letter, or rather, I will insist upon it. If I always had some one by whom to send, I would write three letters an hour; for it happens in some way that you seem, as it were, face to face with me, when I write anything to you, I do not mean in imaginary apparitions, as your new friends say, who think that even intellectual imaginations are excited by the spectres of Catiſ. For, that you may understand it, Catiſ the Insubrian, an

Epicurean, who has recently died, calls those "spectres" which that Gargettius and Democritus before him had called images. But even if the eyes could be struck by these images because, even of their own accord, they rush to them, I do not see how the mind can be; you must explain to me when you have come safe home, whether your image is at my control, so that as soon as I choose to think of you it hastens up to me, and not only of you, who are at the bottom of my heart, but if I begin to think of the whole British island, will its image fly to my mind? But of that later: for if you are angry and annoyed, I shall say more and demand that you be restored to that sect out of which, "by force and by armed men," you were ejected. In this decree it is not usual to add, "within the year." So if it is two or three years since you divorced yourself from virtue, coaxed by the allurements of pleasure, it is all the same to me. But with whom am I speaking? With a very brave man, who, after applying himself to public affairs, did nothing which was not of the greatest value. In that very sect of yours I apprehend that there is more strength than I had thought, if you only approve it. How did this come into your mind? you say. Because I have nothing else to write: I can write nothing about the republic, for I may not write what I feel.

LVIII.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XII. 21.)

Concerning the payment of my daughter's fortune, I request you to be more urgent. To accept Balbus, as a substitute for the debt, is to leave it to their discretion. However finish the business some way or other. It is shameful that my affairs should lie in this disorder. The island near Arpinum, seems to be proper for the monument I design to erect in honour of my daughter, but I am afraid it will not be sufficiently conspicuous, because it is too remote from the road. I therefore think of my gardens, but I must take a survey of them when I come to Rome.

You shall have your own way with regard to the person who is to deliver the sentiments of Epicurus, yet

I shall not hereafter be fond of living characters for speakers in my dialogues. You cannot imagine what difficulties I find in this matter. Let me therefore return to the dead characters, for by them nothing can be taken amiss. I have nothing farther to write to you, and yet I make it a rule with myself to send you a letter every day, that I may provoke you to give me an answer, not that I expect you will write to me upon any business, but I know not how it is, I am still impatient for your letters. Therefore, whether you have anything material to write or not, yet still write me somewhat. Meanwhile take care of your own health.

LIX.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XII. 32.)

Publilia has written me that "mother," just as if she were speaking with Publius, will come to me, and she will come with her if I am willing; she begs, with many pleading words, that she may, and that I write her in reply. You see what a trouble the matter is. I replied that there were heavier burdens on me than when I told her I wished to be alone, for which reason I was unwilling that she should come to me; I thought if I wrote nothing, that my wife would come with her mother, and now I do not think so; for it seems that the letter was not her own. I wish to avoid the very thing which I see will happen, their arrival; and there is one method of avoidance which is necessary, though I do not like to adopt it. I now ask you to find out how long I can remain here, so as not to be caught. You will act as you write, with caution. I would like to propose for Cicero, if only it seems to you not unfair that he will make the rents of Argetum and Aventine meet the costs of this tour; which he would have been quite satisfied with if he had been at Rome and had hired a house there, as he thought of doing. When you have proposed this to him, I shall be glad if you will yourself arrange the rest, how I can supply him from those rents with what he needs. I will warrant that neither Bibulus nor Acidinus nor Massalla, who I hear will beat Athens, will incur greater expenses than what

will be received from those rents; and I wish you would see first who wish to be tenants and at what rent, then that there may be some one to pay on the day appointed, and what provisions for his journey and what equipments will be enough. Certainly there will be no need of an animal at Athens; what, moreover, he uses on the journey is more than he needed at home, as you too notice.

LX.—SERVIUS SULPICIUS TO CICERO. (Fam. IV. 5.)

For some time after I had received the information of the death of your daughter Tullia, you may be sure that I bore it sadly and heavily, as much indeed as was right for me. I felt that I shared that terrible loss with you; and that had I but been where you are, you on your part would not have found me neglectful, and I on mine should not have failed to come to you and tell you myself how deeply grieved I am. And though it is true that consolations of this nature are painful and distressing, because those [dear friends and relations] upon whom the task naturally devolves are themselves afflicted with a similar burden, and incapable even of attempting it without many tears, so that one would rather suppose them in need of the consolations of others for themselves than capable of doing this kind office for others, yet nevertheless I have decided to write to you briefly such reflections as have occurred to me on the present occasion; not that I imagine them to be ignored by you, but because it is possible that you may be hindered by your sorrow from seeing them as clearly as usual.

What reason is there why you should allow the private grief which has befallen you to distress you so terribly? Recollect how fortune has hitherto dealt with us: how we have been bereft of all which ought to be no less dear to men than their own children—of country, position, rank, and every honourable office. If one more burden has now been laid upon you, could any addition be made to your pain? Or is there any heart that, having been trained in the school of such events, ought not

now to be steeled by use against emotion, and think everything after them to be comparatively light?

Or is it for her sake, I suppose, that you are grieving? How many times must you have arrived at the same conclusion as that into which I too have frequently fallen, that in these days theirs is not the hardest lot who are permitted painlessly to exchange their life for the grave! Now, what was there at the present time that could attach her very strongly to life? what hope? what fruition? what consolation for the soul? The prospect of a wedded life with a husband chosen from our young men of rank? Truly, one would think it was always in your power to choose a son-in-law of a position suitable to your rank out of our young men, one to whose keeping you would feel you could safely entrust the happiness of a child! Or that of being a joyful mother of children, who would be happy in seeing them succeeding in life; able by their own exertions to maintain in its integrity all that was bequeathed them by their father; intending gradually to rise to all the highest offices of the state; and to use that liberty to which they were born for the good of their country and the service of their friends? Is there any one of these things that has not been taken away before it was given? But surely it is hard to give up one's children? It is hard; but this is harder still—that they should bear and suffer what we are doing.

A circumstance which was such as to afford me no light consolation I cannot but mention to you, in the hope that it may be allowed to contribute equally towards mitigating your grief. As I was returning from Asia, when sailing from Ægina in the direction of Negara, I began to look around me at the various places by which I was surrounded. Behind me was Ægina, in front Megara; on the right the Piræus, on the left, Corinth: all of them towns that in former days were most magnificent, but now are lying prostrate and in ruins before one's eyes. "Ah me," I began to reflect to myself, "we poor feeble mortals, who can claim but a short life in comparison, complain as if a wrong was done us if one of our number dies in the course of na-

ture, or has met his death by violence; and here in one spot are stretched out before me the corpses of so many cities! Servius, be master of yourself, and remember it is the lot of man to which you have been born." Believe me, I found myself in no small degree strengthened by these reflections. Let me advise you too, if you think good, to keep this reflection before your eyes. How lately, at one and the same time, have many of our illustrious men fallen! how grave an encroachment has been made on the rights of the sovereign people of Rome! Every province in the world has been convulsed with the shock; if the frail life of a tender woman has gone too, who, being born to the common lot of man, must needs have died in a few short years, even if the time had not come for her now, are you thus utterly stricken down?

Do you then also recall your feelings and your thoughts from dwelling on this subject, and, as be-seems your character, bethink yourself rather of this: that she has lived as long as life was of value to her; that she passed away only together with her country's freedom: that she lived to see her father elected Prætor, Consul, Augur; that she had been the wife of young men of the first rank; that after enjoying well-nigh every blessing that life can offer, she left only when the Republic itself was falling. The account is closed, and what have you, what has she, to charge of injustice against Fate? In a word, forget not that you are Cicero—that you are he who was always wont to guide others and give them good advice; and be not like those quack physicians who, when others are sick, boast that they hold the key of the knowledge of medicine, to heal themselves are never able: but rather minister to yourself with your own hand the remedies which you are in the habit of prescribing for others, and put them plainly before your own soul. There is no pain so great but the lapse of time will lessen and assuage it: it is not like yourself to wait till this time comes, instead of stepping forward by your philosophy to anticipate the result. And if even those who are low in the grave have any consciousness at all, such was her love for

you and her tenderness for all around her, that surely she does not wish to see this in you. Make this a tribute then to her who is dead; to all your friends and relations who are mourning in your grief; and make it to your country also, that if in anything the need should arise, she may be able to trust to your energy and guidance. Finally, since such is the condition we have come to, that even this consideration must perforce be obeyed, do not let your conduct induce any one to believe that it is not so much your daughter as the circumstances of the Republic and the victory of others which you are deploring.

I shrink from writing to you at greater length upon this subject, lest I should seem to be doubtful of your own good sense; allow me therefore to put before you one more consideration, and then I will bring my letter to a close. We have seen you not once, but many times, bearing prosperity most gracefully, and gaining yourself great reputation thereby; let us see at last that you are capable also of bearing adversity equally well, and that it is not in your eyes a heavier burden than it ought to seem; lest we should think that of all the virtues this is the only one in which you are wanting.

As for myself, when I find you are more composed in mind I will send you information about all that is being done in these parts, and the state in which the province finds itself at present. Farewell.

LXI.—CICERO TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS. (Fam. IV. 6.)

Yes, my dear Servius, I could indeed wish you had been with me, as you say, at the time of my terrible trial. How much it was in your power to help me if you had been here, by sympathizing with, and I may almost say, sharing equally in my grief, I readily perceive from the fact that after reading your letter I feel myself considerably more composed; for not only is all that you wrote just what is best calculated to soothe affliction, but you yourself, in comforting me, showed that you too had no little pain at heart. Your son Servius, however, has made it clear by every kindly atten-

tion which such an occasion would permit of, both how great his respect was for myself, and also how much pleasure his kind feeling for me was likely to give you; and you may be sure that, while such attentions from him have often been more pleasant to me, they have never made me more grateful. It is not, however, only your arguments and your equal share, I may almost call it, in this affliction which comforts me, but also your authority; because I hold it shame in me not to be bearing my trouble in a way that you, a man endowed with such wisdom, think it ought to be borne. But at times I do feel broken down, and I scarcely make any struggle against my grief, because those consolations fail me which, under similar calamities, were never wanting to any of those other people whom I put before myself as models for imitation. Both Fabius Maximus, for example, when he lost a son who had held the consulship, the hero of many a famous exploit; and Lucius Paulus, from whom two were taken in one week; and your own kinsman Gallus; and Marcus Cato, who was deprived of a son of rarest talents and the rarest virtue,—all these lived in times when their individual affliction was capable of finding a solace in the distinctions they used to earn from their country. For me, however, after being stripped of all those distinctions which I had won for myself by unparalleled exertions, only that one solace remained, which has been torn away. My thoughts were not diverted by work for my friends, or by the administration of the affairs of state; there was no pleasure in pleading in the courts; I could not bear the very sight of the Senate House; I felt, as was indeed too true, that I had lost all the harvest of both my industry and my success. But whenever I wanted to recollect that all this was shared with you and other friends I could name, and whenever I was breaking myself in and forcing my spirit to bear these things with patience, I always had a refuge to go to where I might find peace, and in whose words of comfort and sweet society I could rid me of all my pains and griefs. Whereas now, under this terrible blow, even those old wounds which seem to have

healed up are bleeding afresh, for it is impossible for me now to find such a refuge from my sorrows at home, in the business of the state, as in those days I did in that consolation of home which was always in store whenever I came away sad from thoughts of state, to seek for peace in her happiness. And so I stay away both from home and from public life; because home now is no more able to make up for the sorrow I feel when I think of our country than our country is for my sorrow at home. I am therefore looking forward all the more eagerly to your coming, and long to see you as early as that may possibly be: no greater alleviation can be offered me than a meeting between us for friendly intercourse and conversation. I hope, however, that your return is to take place, as I hear it is, shortly. As for myself, while there are abundant reasons for wanting to see you as soon as possible, my principal one is in order that we may discuss together beforehand the best method of conduct for present circumstances, which must entirely be adapted to the wishes of one man only, a man, nevertheless, who is far-seeing and generous, and, also, as I think I have thoroughly ascertained, to me not at all ill-disposed, and to you extremely friendly. But admitting this, it is still a matter for much deliberation what is the line, I do not say of action, but of keeping quiet, that we ought by his good leave and favor to adopt. Farewell.

LXII.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XII. 45.)

I have here finished two large treatises, for I have no other method of amusing my sorrows. I see you have nothing to write; but though you have not, yet still I would have you write me that you have nothing, only putting it in other words. I am glad of Attica's recovery. I am sorry at your being so low-spirited, though you write me, that there is nothing in it. It will be much more convenient for me to live at Tusculanum, both because I can more frequently correspond with you, and sometimes enjoy your company. In other respects, things suited me better at Astura. Nor can the objects

here, that recall the ideas of my loss, increase my anguish; for I carry that about with me, go where I will. I mentioned Cæsar being your neighbour from the circumstances you wrote me in your letter. I am pleased that the temple of Quirinus should be appropriated to him, rather than that of the goddess of health. Do not you, however, neglect to publish the writing of Hirtius. For, I think, as you write, that however the genius of our friend may be admired and approved of, yet still to attempt an invective against Cato, must be held ridiculous.

LXIII.—TO FADIUS GALLUS. (Fam. VII. 24.)

Instances of your friendship are perpetually meeting me wherever I turn; and I have lately, in particular, had occasion to experience them in regard to my affair with Tigellius. I perceive by your letter, that it has occasioned you much concern, and I am greatly obliged by this proof of your affection. But let me give you a short history how the case stands. It was Cypius, I think, that formerly said "I am not asleep for every man;" neither am I, my dear Gallus, so meanly complaisant as to be the humble servant of every minion. The truth of it is, I am the humble servant of none, and am so far from being under the necessity of submitting to any servile compliances, in order to preserve my friendship with Cæsar's favorites; that there is not one of them, except this Tigellius, who does not treat me with greater marks of respect than I ever received, even when I was thought to enjoy the highest popularity and power. But I think myself extremely fortunate in being upon ill terms with a man who is more corrupted than his own native air, and whose character is notorious, I suppose, to the whole world, by the poignant verses of the satiric Calvus. But to let you see upon what slight grounds he has taken offence, I had promised, you must know, to plead the cause of his grandfather Phameas, which I undertook, however, merely in friendship to the man himself. Accordingly Phameas called upon me, in order to tell me that the judge had fixed a day for his trial: which happened to be the very same on which

I was obliged to attend as advocate for Sextius. I acquainted him, therefore, that I could not possibly give him my assistance at the time he mentioned; but that if any other had been appointed, I most assuredly would not have failed. Phameas, nevertheless, in the conscious pride, no doubt, of having a grandson that could pipe and sing to some purpose, left me with an air that seemed to speak indignation. And now, having thus stated my case, and shewn you the injustice of this songster's complaints, may I not properly say with the old proverb, "So many Sardinians, so many rival rogues."

I beg you would send me your Cato, which I am extremely desirous of reading. It is, indeed, some reflection upon us both, that I have not yet enjoyed that pleasure. Farewel.

LXIV.—TO FADIUS GALLUS. (Fam. VII. 25.)

In regard to your distress at the letter having been destroyed, do not be unhappy about it; it is safe, and you can call for it when you wish. I was very glad of your warning; and I ask you always to do it. For you seem to fear that if we have him as an enemy, we shall learn the Sardinian laugh. But look out! your hand off the tablet! The matter is come sooner than we thought; I am afraid that he will send all the Catonians to the lower world. My dear Gallus, be assured that nothing could be better than the part of your letter following the words, "The rest are falling." This is private; listen, keep it to yourself, do not even tell it to Apelles, your freedman; except ourselves, no one speaks in that style of ours; whether well or ill, I will consider at another time; but whatever it is, it belongs to us two alone. Push on then, and do not stray a nail's breath, as they say, from your writing; for it is the artisan of speech. And so I indeed spend my nights also.

LXV.—CURIUS TO CICERO. (Fam. VII. 29.)

I look upon myself as a sort of property, the possession of which belongs, 'tis true, to Atticus; but all the advantage that can be derived from it is wholly yours. If Atticus, therefore, were inclined to dispose of his right in me, I am afraid he could only pass me off in a lot with some more profitable commodity: whereas, if you should have the same inclination, how greatly would it enhance my value to be proclaimed as one entirely formed into what he is, by your care and kindness? I entreat you then to continue to protect the work of your own hands, and to recommend me in the strongest terms to the successor of Sulpicius in this province. This will be the surest means of putting it in my power to obey your commands of returning to you in the spring: as it will facilitate the settling of my affairs in such a manner, that I may be able, by that time, to transport my effects, with safety, into Italy. But I hope, my illustrious friend, you will not communicate this letter to Atticus: for as he imagines I am much too honest a fellow to pay the same compliment to you both; suffer him, I beseech you, to remain in this favourable error. Adieu, my dear patron, and salute Tiro in my name.

LXVI.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XIII. 52.)

To think of my having a guest who cost me so much anxiety, and yet no regret! For it was very pleasant. But when, on the second day of the Saturnalia, he came to Philip's house, it was so full of soldiers that scarcely was the couch empty on which Cæsar himself was going to dine, as there were two thousand men. I was indeed troubled as to what would happen the next day, but Barba Cassius came to my assistance, and furnished a guard. Camp was pitched on the grounds; the house was defended. He remained at Philip's house on the third day of the Saturnalia till one o'clock, and did not allow any one to enter; I suppose he had some business with Balbus. Then he walked on the shore. After two o'clock he went to the bath;

then he heard about Mamurra, but it had no effect on him. He was anointed and took his place at dinner. He intended to take an emetic, so he both ate and drank freely, and with a good appetite, sumptuously and fully, nor that only, but "with excellent conversation well-digested and seasoned, and if you ask, delightfully too." Besides, on the three couches his friends were abundantly well entertained; nothing was lacking for the less noble freedmen and slaves; but the more elegant men were splendidly received. Why do I say more? We seemed to be gentlemen. Yet he is not a guest to whom you would say, "I will devote myself to you; come this way and visit me when you return." Once is enough. There was nothing of a serious character in the conversation, but much literary chat. In short, he was entertained, and to his satisfaction. He said he would be one day at Puteoli, the next near Baia. You have my entertaining or the billeting which was not to my taste, I said, but not productive of any great inconvenience. I shall remain here for a short time, and then go to Tusculum. When he passed the house of Dolabella, the whole body of his guards closed up on the right and left of his horse, and it was done nowhere else. I learned that from Nicias.

LXVII.—TO CURIUS. (Fam. VII. 30.)

I truly now neither urge nor ask you to come home; but I myself wish to fly and go somewhere, "where I shall hear neither the name nor the deeds of the Pelopidæ." It is incredible how base it seems in me to remain under these circumstances. Surely you seem to have foreseen long beforehand what was threatening when you fled from here. Even though these things are terrible to hear, yet it is easier to hear than to see them. You were certainly not on the Campus when at the second hour the election for questor had begun the tribunal of Quintus Maximus, whom those men call consul, was placed, when news was brought of his sudden death, it was immediately removed. Moreover, Cæsar, who had opened the comitia tributa, changed it

to the centuriata; he announced at the seventh hour who would be consul until January 1, the next day; so you see during the consulship of Cælius, no one died. No harm was done while he was consul; he was remarkably watchful, for during his whole consulate he saw no sleep. This seems ridiculous to you, for you are not here; if you were to see them, you could not restrain your tears. Why should I write more? There are innumerable things of the same kind, which indeed I would not endure, if I had not betaken myself into the harbour of philosophy, and had not my friend Atticus to share my studies; as you write you are his by ownership and bond, and mine by use and enjoyment, I am contented with your distinction; for that belongs to one, which he uses and enjoys. But more of this at another time. Acilius, who was sent with troops into Greece, is in the receipt of very great services from me; for twice I defended him from capital punishment with entire safety, and he is very grateful and honors me particularly. I have most carefully written to him about you, and have joined that letter with this; please write me how he receives it, and what he promises to you.

LXVIII.—TO TIRO. (Fam. XVI. 18.)

Why should you not direct your letters to me with the familiar superscription which one friend generally uses to another? However, if you are unwilling to hazard the envy which this privilege may draw upon you, be it as you think proper; though, for my own part, it is a maxim which I have generally pursued with respect to myself, to treat envy with the utmost disregard.

I rejoice that you found so much benefit by your sudorific; and should the air of Tusculum be attended with the same happy effect, how infinitely it will increase my fondness for that favorite scene! If you love me, then (and if you do not, you are undoubtedly the most successful of all dissemblers) consecrate your whole time to the care of your health; which, hitherto, indeed, your assiduous attendance upon myself, has but

too much prevented. You well know the rules which it is necessary you should preserve for this purpose, and I need not tell you that your diet should be light, and your exercises moderate; that you should keep your body open, and your mind amused. Be it your care, in short, to return to me perfectly recovered, and I shall ever afterwards not only love you, but Tusculum so much the more ardently.

I wish you could prevail with your neighbour to take my garden, as it will be the most effectual means of vexing that rascal Helico. This fellow, although he paid a thousand sesterces for the rent of a piece of cold barren ground, that had not so much as a wall or a shed upon it, or was supplied with a single drop of water, has yet the assurance to laugh at the price I require for mine, notwithstanding all the money I have laid out upon improvements. But let it be your business to spirit the man into our terms, as it shall be mine to make the same artful attack upon Otho.

Let me know what you have done with respect to the fountain; though, possibly, this wet season may now have over-supplied it with water. If the weather should prove fair, I will send the dial, together with the books you desire. But how happened it that you took none with you? Was it that you were employed in some poetical composition upon the model of your admired Sophocles? If so, I hope you will oblige the world with your performance.

Ligurius, Cæsar's great favorite, is dead. He was a very worthy man, and much my friend. Let me know when I may expect you; in the meantime be careful of your health. Farewel.

LXIX.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XIV. 5.)

I hope you are now recovered, because I know that abstinence usually cures you of these slight disorders; I should, however, be glad to know how you are. It appears favourable, that Matius is uneasy at his being suspected by Brutus; but it will have a bad appearance if those legions should, with a warlike aspect, march

out of Gaul for Rome. Do not you think the legions that were in Spain will insist upon the same terms? As will those which are marched under the command of Annius, pardon me—I mean Canninius. The gamester raises a dreadful disturbance; for were the designs of Antony justifiable, the tumult, made by Cæsar's freed-man, might have been easily quashed.

My diffidence was misplaced, when I refused a legation before the Senate broke up, lest I should seem to abandon my country, now that her affairs are drawing to a crisis. Could I assist her, it would be my duty to attend.—But you see what kind of magistrates, if they can deserve that name, we have chosen. You see the body-guards of the tyrant are possessed of provincial governments; you see an army of his veterans at our doors, and that all is in fluctuation. Meanwhile the men, whose safety, nay whose glory, merits the attendance of a grateful world, are so far from being rewarded with the praises and affections of mankind, that they are forced to conceal themselves for protection. But whatever may be their fate, they must be happy, it is our country that is miserable. I should be glad to know whether the arrival of Octavius has made any alteration; whether the people rally round him? And whether he will be able to produce a revolution in his favour? I do not think that he will, but I would gladly know the truth. I write this on the 11th of April, as I am leaving Astura.

LXX.—TO TIRO. (Fam. XVI. 23.)

If you should have an opportunity, you may register the money you mention: though, indeed, it is an acquisition which it is not absolutely requisite to enrol. However, it may, perhaps, be as well.

I have received a letter from Balbus, wherein he excuses himself for not giving me an account of Antony's intentions concerning the law I inquired after; because he has gotten, it seems, a violent deflection upon his eyes. Excellent excuse, it must be owned! For if a man is not able to write; most certainly, you know, he cannot dictate! But let the world go as it will, so I may sit down quietly here in the country.

I have written to Bithynicus.—As to what you mention concerning Servilius; you, who are a young man, may think length of days a desirable circumstance; but, for myself, I have no such wish. Atticus, nevertheless imagines, that I am still as anxious for the preservation of my life as he once knew me; not observing how firmly I have since fortified my heart with all the strength of philosophy. The truth of it is, he is now seized in his turn with a panic himself; and would endeavour to infect me with the same groundless apprehensions. But it is my intention to preserve that friendship unviolated, which I have so long enjoyed with Antony: and, accordingly, I intend writing to him very soon. I shall defer my letter, however, till your return: but I do not mention this with any design of calling you off from the business you are transacting, and which, indeed, is much more nearly my concern.

I expect a visit from Lepta to-morrow: and shall have occasion for all the sweets of your conversation, to temper the bitterness with which his will be attended. Farewel.

LXXI.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XIV. 10.)

Is it really so? Has all that has been done by our common Brutus, come to this, that he should live at Lanuvium, and Trebonius repair by devious marches to his government. That all the actions, writings, words, promises, and purposes, of Cæsar, should carry with them more force than they would have done, had he been alive? You may remember what loud remonstrances I made the very first day we met in the capitol, that the Senate should be summoned thither by the prætors. Immortal gods! What might we not have then carried amidst the universal joy of our patriots, and even our half patriots, and the general rout of those robbers. You disapprove of what was done on the 18th of March, but what could be done? We were undone before that day. Do not you remember you called out that our cause was ruined, if Cæsar had a public funeral? But a funeral he had, and that too in the Forum, and

graced with pathetic encomiums, which encouraged slaves and beggars, with flaming torches in their hands, to burn our houses. What followed? Were they not insolent enough to say, "Cæsar issued the command and you must obey?" I cannot bear these and other things. I therefore think of retiring, and leaving behind me country after country: and even your favorite Greece is too much exposed to the political storm to continue in it.

Meanwhile, has your complaint quite left you? For I have some reason to believe, by your manner of writing, that it has. But I return to the Thebassi, the Scævæ, and the Frangones. Do you imagine that they will think themselves secure in their possessions, while we stand our ground, and experience has taught them, that we have not in us the courage which they imagined. Are we to look upon those to be the friends of peace, who have been the fomenters of rebellion? What I wrote to you concerning Curtilius, and the estates of Sestilius, I apply to Censorinus, Messala, Plancus, Posthumius, and the whole clan. It would have been better to perish with the slain, than to have lived to witness things like these. Octavius came to Naples about the 16th, where Balbus waited upon him next morning, and from thence he came to me at Cumæ, the same day, where he acquainted me, that he would accept of the succession to his uncle's estate. But this as you observe, may be the source of a warm dispute between him and Antony.

I shall bestow all due attention and pains upon your affair at Burthrotum. You ask me whether the legacy left me by Cluvius, will amount to a hundred thousand sesterces a year. It will amount pretty near it, but this first year I have laid out eighty thousand upon repairs. My brother complains greatly about his son, who, he says, is now excessively complaisant to his mother, though he hated her, at a time when she deserved his respects. He has sent me flaming letters against him. If you have not yet left Rome, and if you know what he is doing, I beg you will inform me by a letter, as indeed, you must do of every thing else, for your letters give me

the greatest pleasure.

LXXII.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XIV. 18.)

As you frequently censure me for the exaggerated praises I have bestowed upon Dolabella's actions, I must beg to observe, that though I think his conduct highly meritorious, yet the manner in which you repeatedly wrote to me concerning him, induced me to extol it in the manner I did. But you are disgusted at Dolabella, for the very same reason which has incurred my cordial resentment. What a shameless fellow he is! My money was due the first of January, and he has not paid it yet, though he could free himself from an immense load of debt by the liberality of Faberius, who usually supplies him on all necessary occasions. I indulge in such pleasantries, to shew you that I am not too much grieved at heart. On the 8th I wrote to him early in the morning; and, that very evening, I received at Pompeii your letter so soon as the third day after its date; but, as I wrote to you that same day, I sent a pretty sharp letter to Dolabella, which, I believe, if it has no other effect, will have that of making him not dare to look me in the face. I suppose you have finished that affair with Albius. You have highly obliged, by enabling me, to discharge the debt I owed Patuleius. Your conduct in this respect is in unison with your other acts of friendship to me. I left Eros at Rome, as well qualified to transact that business; and things have miscarried on this occasion by his culpable negligence. But I will forbear till I see him. I beg you will direct the affair of Montanus, as I have often desired you to do by my letters.

I am not at all surprised that Servius, when he was leaving Rome, talked to you, as if public affairs were desperate, for he cannot have a worse opinion of them than I have. If our worthy friend Brutus shall not assist in the Senate on the first of June, I know not to what purpose he should appear in public at all. But he is the best judge of his own conduct. From the measures which I see going on, I cannot think that the

ides of March have greatly improved our situation. For this reason I feel every day more inclined to withdraw into Greece. For I cannot see how it is in my power to serve the interests of my dear Brutus, who, as you write to me, thinks of going into voluntary banishment.

I am not quite satisfied with a letter I have received from Leonidas. I agree with you as to Herodes. I wish I had seen the letter of Saufeius. I think of setting out from Pompeii the 10th of May.

LXXIII.—MATIUS TO CICERO. (Fam. XI. 28.)

I received great satisfaction from your letter, as it assured me of my holding that rank in your esteem, which I have ever wished and hoped to enjoy. Indeed I never doubted of your good opinion: but the value I set upon it, rendered me solicitous of preserving it without the least blemish. Conscious, however, that I had never given just offence to any candid and honest mind, I was the less disposed to believe, that you, whose sentiments are exalted by the cultivation of so many generous arts, could hastily credit any reports to my disadvantage: especially as you were one for whom I had at all times discovered much sincere good-will. But as I have the pleasure to find that you think of me agreeably to my wishes, I will drop this subject, in order to vindicate myself from those calumnies which you have so often, and with such singular generosity, opposed. I am perfectly well apprised of the reflections that have been cast upon me since Cæsar's death. It has been imputed to me, I know, that I lament the loss of my friend, and I think with indignation on the murderers of the man I loved. "The welfare of our country," say my accusers, (as if they had already made it appear that the destruction of Cæsar was for the benefit of the commonwealth) "the welfare of our country is to be preferred to all considerations of amity." It may be so; but I will honestly confess, that I am by no means arrived at this elevated strain of patriotism. Nevertheless, I took no part with Cæsar in our civil dissensions: but neither did I desert my friend, because I disliked

his measures. The truth is, I was so far from approving the civil war, that I always thought it unjustifiable, and exerted my utmost endeavours to extinguish those sparks by which it was kindled. In conformity to these sentiments, I did not make use of my friend's victory to the gratification of any lucrative or ambitious purposes of my own, as some others most shamefully did, whose interest with Cæsar was much inferior to mine. Far, in truth, from being a gainer by his success, I suffered greatly in my fortunes by that very law which saved many of those who now exult in his death from the disgrace of being obliged to fly their country. Let me add, that I recommended the vanquished party to his clemency, with the same warmth and zeal as if my own preservation had been concerned. Thus desirous that all my fellow-citizens might enjoy their lives in full security, can I repress the indignation of my heart against the assassins of that man, from whose generosity that privilege was obtained; especially, as the same hands were lifted up to his destruction, which had first drawn upon him all the odium and envy of his administration? Yet I am threatened, it seems, with their vengeance, for daring to condemn the deed. Unexampled insolence! that some should glory in the perpetration of those crimes, which others should not be permitted even to deplore! The meanest slave has ever been allowed to indulge, without control, the fears, the sorrows, or the joys of his heart; but these our assertors of liberty, as they call themselves, endeavour to extort from me, by their menaces, this common privilege of every creature. Vain and impotent endeavours! no dangers shall intimidate me from acting up to the generous duties of friendship and humanity; persuaded, as I have ever been, that death in an honest cause ought never to be shunned, and frequently to be courted. Yet, why does it thus move their displeasure, if I only wish that they may repent of what they have perpetrated? for wish I will acknowledge I do, that both they and all the world may regret the death of Cæsar. "But as a member, (say they,) of the commonwealth, you ought, above all things, "to desire its preservation." Now that I sincerely do so, if the whole tenor of my past conduct, and all the

hopes I can reasonably be supposed to entertain, will not sufficiently evince, I shall not attempt to prove it by my professions. I conjure you, then, to judge of me, not by what others may say, but by the plain tendency of my actions; and, if you believe I have any interest in the tranquility of the republic, be assured, that I will have no communication with those who would impiously disturb its peace. Shall I renounce, indeed, those patriot principles I steadily pursued in my youth, when warmth and inexperience might have pleaded some excuse for errors? Shall I, in the sober season of declining age, wantonly unravel, at once, the whole fair contexture of my better days? Most assuredly not; nor shall I ever give any other offence than in bewailing the severe catastrophe of a most intimate and illustrious friend! Were I disposed to act otherwise, I should scorn to deny it; nor should it be ever said, that I covered my crime by hypocrisy, and feared to avow what I scrupled not to commit.

But to proceed to the other articles of the charge against me; it is farther alleged that I presided at those games which the young Octavius exhibited in honour of Cæsar's victories. The charge, I confess, is true; but what connexion has an act of mere private duty, with the concerns of the republic? It was an office, not only due from me to the memory of my departed friend, but which I could not refuse to that illustrious youth, his most worthy heir. I am reproached also, with having been frequent in paying my visits of compliment to Antony; yet you will find that the very men who impute this as a mark of disaffection to my country, appeared much more frequently at his levee, either to solicit his favours, or to receive them. But, after all, can there be any thing, let me ask, more insufferably arrogant than this accusation? Cæsar never opposed my associating with whomsoever I thought proper, even though it were with persons whom he himself disapproved; and shall the men who have cruelly robbed me of one friend, attempt, likewise, by their malicious insinuations, to alienate me from another? But the moderation of my conduct, will, I doubt not, discredit all reports that may hereafter be raised

to my disadvantage; and I am persuaded, that even those who hate me for my attachment to Cæsar, would rather choose a friend of my disposition, than of their own. In fine, if my affairs should permit me, it is my resolution to spend the remainder of my days at Rhodes. But, if any accident should render it necessary for me to continue at Rome, my actions shall evince, that I am sincerely desirous of my country's welfare. In the mean time, I am much obliged to Trebatius for supplying you with an occasion of so freely laying open to me the amicable sentiments of your heart; as it affords me an additional reason for cultivating a friendship with one whom I have ever been disposed to esteem. Farewel.

LXXIV.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XV. 16.)

I have at length received a letter from my son, written, I assure you, with such propriety and elegance, as sufficiently denotes his improvement in learning. All my other friends there, give me very flattering accounts of him. Leonidas, however, still qualifies his commendations with his old "At present." But Herodes commends him wonderfully, and without reserve. To tell you the truth, this is a subject in which I may be easily imposed on, and on which I am, with pleasure, credulous. I beg that you would let me know, if Statius has written any thing to you of my concerns. This part of the country is I assure you very pleasant, and very retired, and free from company, in case one has a mind to compose any work of learning. And yet I feel an unaccountable preference and attachment for my own residence. Meanwhile, I believe, I shall soon be tired of this lovely landscape, for, indeed, if our prognostics do not fail, we shall have rainy weather, because the frogs are croaking. I beg you will let me know where, and on what day I can see our friend Brutus.

LXXV.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XV. 15.)

May the distresses which Lucius Antonius occasions

to the Buthrotians, revert upon himself! I have drawn up my certificate which you may seal when you please. If the Ædile, Lucius Fadius, asks from you the money for my house at Arpinum, you may pay him, though it were the whole sum. I wrote you, in the other letter, about the hundred and ten thousand sesterces, which must be paid to Statius. If, therefore, Fadius should call for the money, I desire it should be paid to him, and to him only. If I mistake not, there is some money in my hands, which I have written to Eros to deliver up.

I am indignant at the Queen of Egypt. Ammonius, who answered for the performance of her promises to me, knows that I have good reason for my indignation. The favours she promised me, I assure you, were such as I need not be ashamed of, though they were proclaimed from the rostrum. They were only such as befitted a man of learning, and became my dignity. As to Sara, besides my knowing him to be a worthless fellow, he behaved very disrespectfully to me in particular; I never saw him but once, which was at my own house. When I asked him very civilly in what I could serve him, he told me he came to look for Atticus. As to the haughtiness the Queen herself expressed when she was at the gardens beyond the Tyber, I never can reflect upon it without strong resentment. I will, therefore, have nothing to do with that gang, who supposed me to be void of spirit and even of feeling.

I perceive that the ill management of Eros, in my affairs, will hinder my departure from hence. For, according to the accounts given to me, on the 5th of April, I ought to have money in hand, and yet I am obliged to borrow. I suppose, that the money arising from my rents has been set apart for the building of the temple I have so often mentioned. I have, however, recommended these matters to Tyro, whom I have sent to Rome for that purpose, for you have now too much business upon your hands for me to give you more. The more modest my son is in asking for money, I am the more concerned, lest he should want it. He has written me nothing upon this head, though it is natural to think,

that I should be the first person he would apply to. He has, however, written to Tyro, that he has received no money since the first of April, for this year was then out. I have always understood, that your own disposition, as well as a regard for my character, led you to think, that I ought to supply him with what may sufficiently enable him to make, not only a decent, but a distinguished, appearance. I, therefore, beg (and, indeed, I would not give you this trouble, could I employ any body else in the affair) of you to take care to furnish him with a whole year's supply at Athens, and you shall be reimbursed by Eros. I have sent Tyro to Rome for this very purpose. You will, therefore, charge yourself with this, and write to me what you think proper on the subject.

LXXVI.—TO ATTICUS. (Att. XVI. 13.)

I come at last to answer your letter; and you must know that I think you have acted wisely in meeting with Antony at Tibur, in seeming to agree with all his measures, and even returning him your thanks; for your observation is just, that we must forfeit our liberty sooner than our property. Your telling me that you are more and more in love with my Treatise upon Old Age, inspires me with additional ardour to write. You say, that you hope Eros will not come without some small present, and I am glad that you have not been disappointed in that respect. Meanwhile, the work I have sent you is the same you saw before, but more correct, and I send you the original copy corrected and improved in many passages. When you have got it handsomely transcribed you may read it in private to your guests; but as you love me, put them in good humour by a liberal entertainment, lest they discharge all their spleen at you in ill nature against me.

I hope the accounts I have of my son are true; I will know all about that affair of Xeno, when I am upon the spot; meanwhile I cannot think he has acted either indolently or unhandsomely. I will take your advice concerning Herodes; and I shall inform myself of what

you mention, by Saufeius and Xeno. I am glad that you received the letter about our nephew, which I sent you by the express, sooner than that which I sent you by himself.—You would not, however, have been imposed upon—but it is as well as it is.—I long to know what he said to you, and you to him.—Both of you, I suppose, went on in your old way. But I am in hopes to receive an account of that in the letter I am to get by Curius, who though he is in himself amiable and dear to me, is become doubly so, through your recommendation.—So much in answer to your letter.

I am now to acquaint you with what I am sensible is unnecessary for me to write, yet write it I must. I am shocked with a great many circumstances in my leaving Italy; and indeed, the chief is my being separated from you. I dread likewise the fatigues of the voyage, which become neither my age nor dignity, and the unfavourable crisis, in which I am to set out. I leave my country in peace, to return to it in war; and I spend, in rambling abroad, the time I might spend in my retired villas, which are elegantly built, and delightfully situated.—But on the other hand I comfort myself with the thoughts that I shall either be of service to my son, or be able to judge how far he is capable of improvement; and in the next place, with the hopes of seeing you according to your promise. Should that happen, I shall think that every thing goes well with me.

But above all things I am vexed with the thoughts of the debt I leave behind me; for though I have settled the funds for discharging it, yet the money owing to me by Dolabella, makes part of it, and I feel so uneasy on my being unacquainted with the circumstances of those on whom he has given me assignments, that this, beyond my other concerns, gives me pain. It was I think not amiss in me to write in plain terms to Balbus, desiring him to assist me in case it should happen that those assignments should not answer; and I have likewise begged the favour of you to speak to him, if any such thing should happen; you will therefore, if you please, talk to him, especially as you are to set out for Epirus.

I write this as I am preparing to embark at Pompeii.

in three ten-oared galleys. Brutus is still at Nesis and Cassius at Naples. If you are in love with Dejotarus, are you not so with Hieras likewise, who ever since Blesamius waited upon me, has neither spoken to our friend Sextus, nor to any of us, though he had express orders to do nothing but by his advice.—I feel desirous, though at this distance, to caress my Attica, so dearly do I value the compliments she sent me in your letter. You will therefore return her many acknowledgements on my part, and the same to Pilia.

LXXVII.—ASINIUS POLLIO TO CICERO. (Fam. X. 32.)

Balbus, my quæstor, has withdrawn from Gades, with very considerable effects in his hands, which he had received of the public taxes, consisting of a large quantity of uncoined gold, a much larger of silver, together with a great sum of ready money; and what adds to his iniquity, is, that he has not discharged even the pay of the troops. In his flight he was detained three days, by contrary winds, at Calpe; from whence, however, he sailed on the 1st of this month, and has transported himself, together with his treasure, into the dominions of Bogud, king of Mauritania.—But whether the present prevailing reports will bring him back to Gades, or carry him to Rome, I know not; for I hear that his resolutions vary with every different express that arrives. But, besides the robberies and the extortions he has committed in this province, and the cruelties he has exercised towards our allies, he affected, in several instances, to imitate (as he himself used to boast) the actions of Cæsar. Accordingly, on the last day of the games which he exhibited at Gades, he presented Herennius Gallus, a comedian, with the golden ring, and conducted him to one of the 14 benches of the theatre, which he had appropriated to those of the equestrian order. He likewise continued himself in the supreme magistracy of Gades, by his own single authority, and at two immediately successive assemblies of the people, he nominated, for the two next following years,

such of his creatures whom he thought proper to succeed him in the government of that city. He also recalled from exile, not, indeed, those unfortunate men who were banished on account of the present commotions, but those infamous rebels who were concerned in the sedition which was raised in Gades, during the proconsulate of Sextus Varrus, and in which all the members of their council were either assassinated or expelled. Thus far he had Cæsar for his model; but, in the instances I am going to mention, he exceeded even Cæsar himself. He caused a play to be acted at the public games, upon the subject of his embassy to Lucius Lentulus, the proconsul; and the good man was so affected with the remembrance of those transactions which the scenes of this drama recalled to his mind, that he melted into tears. At the gladiatorial games, he gave a specimen of his cruelty with regard to one Fadius, who had served in Pompey's army. This man had twice, it seems, voluntarily entered the lists in combats of this kind; but upon the present occasion he refused to fight, though peremptorily required by Balbus, and accordingly threw himself upon the protection of the populace. But the mob having pelted Balbus with stones, when he attempted to recover him out of their hands, he let loose upon them a party of his Gallic horse. Balbus having, by these means, got the unfortunate Fadius into his possession, ordered him to be fixed in a pit, which was dug for that purpose, in the place where the games were exhibited, and caused him in this manner to be burnt alive. This was performed soon after Balbus had dined, who was present during the whole execution, walking about bare-footed with his hands behind him, and his tunic loose, in the most unconcerned and indecent manner; and while the unhappy sufferer cried out that he was a Roman citizen, "Why do you not run now (said the insulting and relentless Balbus) to implore the protection of the people?" But this was not the single cruelty he exercised. He exposed, likewise, several Roman citizens to wild beasts; particularly a certain noted auctioneer in the city of Hispalis; and this for no other reason but

because the poor man was excessively deformed. Such is the monster with whom I had the misfortune to be connected! But more of him when we meet. In the mean time (to turn to a point of much greater importance) I should be glad the Senate would determine in what manner they would have me act. I am at the head of three brave legions, one of which Antony took great pains to draw over to his interest at the commencement of the war. For this purpose he caused it to be signified to them, that the very first day they should enter into his camp, every soldier should receive five hundred denarii, besides which he also assured them, that if he obtained the victory, they should receive an equal share of the spoils with his own troops: a reward which all the world knows would have been without end or measure. These promises made a deep impression upon them; and it was with great difficulty I kept them from deserting. I should not, indeed have been able to have effected this, if I had not cantoned them in distant quarters; as some of the cohorts, notwithstanding they were thus separated, had the insolence to mutiny. Antony endeavoured likewise to gain the rest of the legions, by immense offers. Nor was Lepidus less importunate with me to send him the thirtieth legion; which he solicited both by his own letters, and by those which he caused Antony to write.—The Senate will do me the justice, therefore, to believe, as no advantages could tempt me to sell my troops, nor any dangers which I had reason to apprehend, if Antony and Lepidus should prove conquerors, could prevail with me to diminish their number, that I was thus tenacious of my army for no other purpose but to employ it in the service of the republic. And let the readiness with which I have obeyed all the orders I received from the Senate, be a proof that I would have complied in the same manner with every other they should have thought proper to have sent me. I have preserved the tranquility of this province; I have maintained my authority over the army; and have never once moved beyond the limits of my own jurisdiction. I must add, likewise, that I have never employed any

soldier, either of my own troops, or those of my auxiliaries, in carrying any dispatches whatsoever: and I have constantly punished such of my cavalry whom I have found at any time attempting to desert. I shall think these cares sufficiently rewarded, in seeing the peace and security of the republic restored. But if the majority of the Senate, and the commonwealth, indeed, in general, had known me for what I am, I should have been able to have rendered them much more important services.

I have sent you a copy of the letter which I wrote to Balbus, just before he left this province; and if you have any curiosity to read his play, which I mentioned above, it is in the hands of my friend Gallus Cornelius, to whom you may apply for it. Farewel.

Corduba, June the 8th.

LXXVIII.—TO CASSIUS, in LAODICEA. (Fam. XII. 10.)

Your brother-in-law, my once familiar friend, Lepidus, was on the thirtieth day of June declared a public enemy by the unanimous vote of the Senate, as were all those who shared his treachery to the Republic, though to those it has been left open to return to their right mind before the first of September. The Senate, it is true, is resolute, but that is mainly in the hope of the support you can give. The war indeed, at the time of my writing this, is truly serious through the villainy and worthlessness of Lepidus. We daily hear satisfactory news about Dolabella, but as yet without any known source—given without authority and upon mere rumor. But though this is the case, yet such a conviction was established in the public mind by the letter you wrote from your camp on the seventh of May, that everybody believed him to be finally crushed, and you to be marching to Italy at the head of an army, that we might either rely on your counsel and authority, should our present work have been satisfactorily done, or on the strength of your army if, as does happen in war, a false step had by any chance been taken. For

this army you may be sure that I will do all that is in my power for providing supplies in every way; the proper opportunity to attain which object will be after it has begun to be known how much strength your army will contribute, or what it has already contributed to the cause of the Republic; for as yet we hear of nothing but endeavours, most meritorious and gallant ones, it is true, but still people look for something really achieved, and this indeed I feel confident has already been done in some degree, or else is just impending. Than your own bravery and magnanimity can be nothing more splendid, and we therefore hope to see you in Italy as soon as may be; when we have both of you we shall seem to ourselves to have the Republic. We had won a glorious victory had Lepidus only not given shelter to Antonius when he was stripped, unarmed, exiled; and consequently Antonius was never held in such detestation by the public as Lepidus is now; for the former only out of a country already embroiled, the latter, out of peace and triumph, has succeeded in exciting the flames of war. To confront him we look to the consuls-elect, in whom we have confidence indeed, and that in no slight degree, but still not without anxious suspense, owing to the uncertainty of the issues of battles. Allow yourself, therefore, to be thoroughly persuaded that on you and your friend Brutus everything depends; that both of you are being looked for at home, Brutus indeed now at any moment. And though, as I trust, when you arrive it will be to find all our foes prostrate, still under your direction the Republic shall rise from her ashes, and be established on some satisfactory basis; for there are very many things yet we shall have to repair, even if it shall be shown that the Republic has really been delivered from the iniquity of her enemies. Farewell.

LXXIX.—TO TREBATIUS. (Fam. VII. 22.)

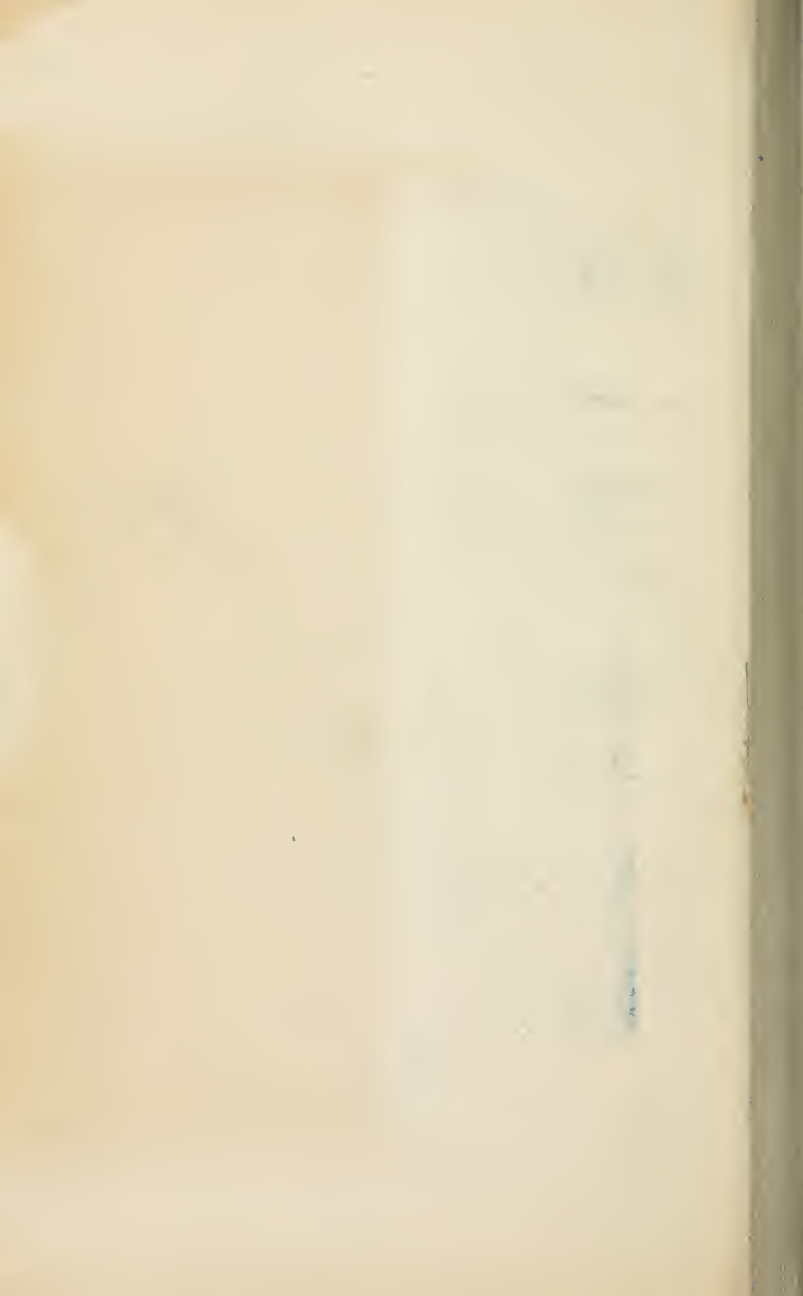
You laughed at me yesterday, when I asserted, over our wine, that it was a question among the lawyers, whether an action of theft could be brought by an heir,

for goods stolen before he came into possession. Though it was late when I returned home, and I had drunk pretty freely, I turned to the place where this question was discussed, and have sent you an extract of the passage: in order to convince you, that a point which you imagined had never been maintained by any man, was actually holden by Sextus Ælius, Marcus Manlius, and Marcus Brutus. But, notwithstanding these great names, I agree in opinion with Scævola and Trebatius. Farewel.

LXXX.—Q. CICERO TO TRIBO. (Fam. XVI. 26.) ¹

I have strongly reproached you in my own mind, for suffering a second packet to come away without inclosing a letter to me. All your own rhetoric will be insufficient to avert the punishment you have incurred by this unkind neglect; and you must have recourse to some elaborate production of your patron's eloquence, to appease my wrath. Though I doubt whether even his oratory will be able to persuade me that you have not been guilty of a very unpardonable omission. I remember it was a custom of my mother, to put a seal upon her empty casks; in order, if any of her liquors should be purloined, that the servants might not pretend the vessel had been exhausted before. In the same manner you should write to me, though you have nothing to say, that your empty letters may be a proof, at least that you would not defraud me of what I value. I value all, indeed, that come from you, as the very sincere and agreeable dictates of your heart. Farewel, and continue to love me.





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Cicero, Marcus Tullius. Epistolae
Select letters, translation, ed. by
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